

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 814



JULY 4, 1885

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

## NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE



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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

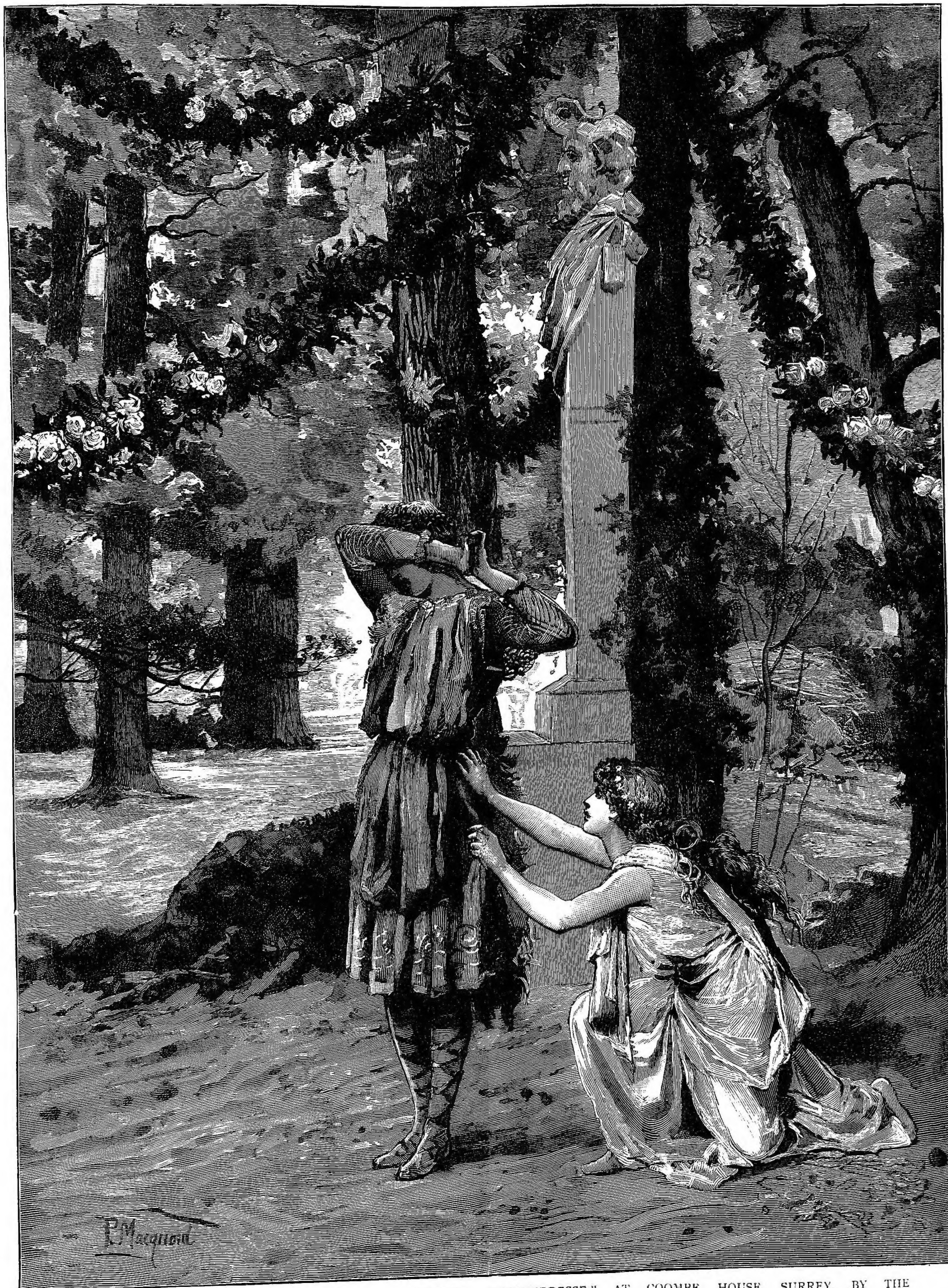
No. 814.—Vol. XXXII.  
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ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1885

TWO EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENTS

PRICE NINEPENCE  
*By Post Ninpence Halfpenny*



OPEN-AIR PERFORMANCE OF FLETCHER'S "FAITHFULL SHEPHERDESSE" AT COOMBE HOUSE, SURREY, BY THE  
"PASTORAL PLAYERS"

PERIGOT (Lady Archibald Campbell)—"My true heart thou hast slain."  
AMORET (Princess Hellen of Kappurthala)—"Faith, Perigot, I'll pluck thee down again."



## Topics of the Week

**MR. GLADSTONE AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.**—Parliament will reassemble on Monday, but no one expects that anything very exciting will happen during the remainder of the Session. The Liberals could, of course, easily overthrow the Government if they pleased, but they will probably prefer to enjoy perfect freedom during the coming struggle in the constituencies. It is now almost certain that they will fight under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, who declared the other day, in his letter to Mr. Cowan, that he did not consider himself "released from his duties to the party which had trusted him." His task will be considerably more difficult than that which he accomplished with so much energy and enthusiasm five years ago; for, whatever may be the foreign policy of the new Government, they can hardly, in the course of a few months, do anything which will give much offence to their opponents. As for his own foreign policy, Mr. Gladstone may be able to show that he was always dominated by excellent motives; but he will find it hard to persuade even his most ardent supporters that his success corresponded to his good intentions. He can hope to produce a great impression only by his treatment of domestic questions, and here, no doubt, he will have an immense advantage over the Conservatives, who seem to have no very definite programme to submit to the electors. Lord Randolph Churchill will make the most of what is called Democratic Toryism, but it is not yet quite clear what Democratic Toryism means, and it is still less clear that when it has been defined it will secure the assent of the Conservative party as a whole. On the other hand, the Liberals have also a formidable difficulty in their way, for it is uncertain whether Mr. Gladstone is disposed to take office again. A good many moderate Liberals who would be willing to support him as a candidate for the Premiership may hesitate to follow him if there is a chance that the power he has wielded will soon pass into the hands of Mr. Chamberlain or Sir Charles Dilke.

**LORD SPENCER'S RETIREMENT.**—Lord Carnarvon will be fortunate if, when he quits Ireland, he brings away as high a reputation for statesmanship as Lord Spencer has achieved. It is too early yet for the history of the past five years to come clearly before the minds of men. When that day arrives there will be no member of the late Government showing a more honourable record than the nobleman who undertook to govern Ireland when her people seemed to have got beyond all government. Rigidly just in all things, clear-sighted, firm as adamant, forming his own views and acting on them, most kind-hearted, most considerate, Lord Spencer has few living equals as an administrator. True, the Irish Separatists hated him because he saw through and baffled their projects, while here in England his refusal to bow the knee to Birmingham made enemies for him in that quarter. We can scarcely believe, however, that his unpopularity with such people as these operated to prevent Mr. Gladstone from including his name in the list of "outgoing honours." With Garters, peerages, and baronetcies being sown broadcast over the kingdom, Lord Spencer should certainly have had "the pick of the basket." Perhaps he may have given a hint that he would prefer to be passed over. There were some reasons why he should have felt disinclined to accept any favour from Mr. Gladstone. We think it a pity, nevertheless, that the offer was not publicly announced as in the cases of the gentlemen who declined to have honours thrust upon them. This would have shown the Irish Disloyalists, at all events, that Englishmen recognise and fully appreciate the value of the work done by Lord Spencer during his Viceroyalty, in upholding law and order. It is an ominous coincidence that several cases of open "boycotting" were reported on the very day of his departure.

**PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN THE CITY.**—Prince Albert Victor, admitted to the Freedom of the City of London, is now invested with another important part of the character that a future Sovereign of Great Britain ought to support. The elaborate ceremony of Monday last was not an example of mere ostentation and pride. That must be a very shallow observer of men and things who does not see in the formality a very real and practical significance. Loyalty to the Monarch on the Throne and to the sons and grandsons of that Monarch has not, as we know, in all ages been a characteristic of the City. We may read in more than one page of our National annals the account not only of jeers and mutinous cries uttered by the free and independent citizens as Royalty passed by, but of actual personal insults offered to the Royal Family, and of determined attacks made upon unpopular Kings and their Ministers. There has, perhaps, seldom been a time when all such disagreements between the Court and the City were so thoroughly forgotten as they are now, and when the feeling of the one towards the other was so unmistakeably cordial. It is one of the most gratifying signs around us, in a time when many signs are not gratifying at all—this perfectly free and spontaneous friendliness which exists between the occupants of the Royal Palaces and those who reign in the Guildhall and the Mansion House. The union of two Great Powers in the State such as these adds an incalculable amount of strength to each; and it would be a

great mistake to suppose that either of them is unaware of the value to be attached to the affection and goodwill of the other. That the young Prince is conscious of the community of interest which binds him to the protection and defence of the City liberties is plain enough from his speech; and no one can doubt for one moment the heartiness of the loyalty which for some years past has specially distinguished the City dignitaries. The days when Mayors and Aldermen were suspicious of the Royal prerogative, and apprehensive of attacks from this quarter upon their privileges, are long gone by; and they are now well aware that the foes they have to fear are those who are also the enemies of loyalty and order, and of the rights of individual liberty.

**SIR HENRY WOLFF'S MISSION.**—A very unfavourable impression has been produced by the announcement that Sir Henry Drummond Wolff is about to proceed on an important mission to Egypt. He is undoubtedly a very able man; but, whatever he may propose, it will be said that he has been unconsciously influenced by the prejudices arising from his official connection with the Anglo-Egyptian Bank. Besides, he has not concealed that he is extremely hostile to the present Khédive. All the world acknowledges that Tewfik has been a weak and vacillating ruler, but the explanation of his weakness and vacillation is that he has allowed himself to be controlled by the English Government. Had Mr. Gladstone followed a strong and consistent policy in Egypt, the Khédive would now have stood well with his countrymen, and England would have had no reason to complain of his conduct. If, therefore, Lord Salisbury has any designs against him, we must be prepared to hear that it is dangerous to trust Great Britain, and to act as her friend. There have lately been far too many occasions for talk of this kind, and it is to be hoped that our enemies and rivals are not about to have a fresh excuse for charging us with treachery. The difficulties in Egypt which have been handed on by Mr. Gladstone to his successor are enormous; but they would be greatly complicated by any step which would tend to deepen the distrust with which we are already regarded by the Egyptian people. Lord Salisbury may not have the slightest intention of removing the Khédive from office; but, if not, it is strange that he should have made an appointment which was sure to give rise to misunderstanding.

**THE AFGHAN TROUBLE.**—Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill seem likely to be the first of the new Ministers who will taste of those "sweets of office" which are so apt to turn sour in the mouth. The one as Foreign Secretary, the other as Indian Secretary, must have felt some nervous apprehension when the news of the insurrection in Afghanistan arrived. A mere tribal outbreak would matter little or nothing; the Ameer knows how to deal with troubles of that sort, as the unruly clans round about Cabul know to their cost. But a rebellion in Afghan Turkestan, aided by the Russians, might easily assume a very serious complexion both for Afghanistan and England. A large portion of that province has always been claimed by Russia on precisely the same ground that she lately took possession of the debateable land beyond Sarakhs; namely, as hers by conquest. The Ameer's right to Afghan Turkestan rests on exactly the same footing, and here, therefore, we have all the elements for a very pretty quarrel. Moreover, Abdul Rahman Khan is not popular with some of the tribes, but Russian gold is with all, and a Komaroff would not find much difficulty, therefore, in stirring up the people to revolt. It is possible that the present news is premature, but Lord Salisbury and his coadjutor must have had an unpleasant quarter of an hour, nevertheless, when they read the alarming news in the paper. The next day, they had other unpleasant intelligence to digest, in the report telegraphed from Teheran that the Russian Government is hurrying on both the Transcaspian railway and preparations for war. These may be merely precautions, consequent upon the accession of a Conservative Government to power in England. But on the face of things, they look as if the Czar were inclined to take advantage of our political complications to solve the Afghan problem in his own fashion. On the whole, the outlook is the reverse of re-assuring, and we may soon have cause to regret that we did not give heed to Abraham Lincoln's homely counsel about not swapping horses when crossing a stream.

**TORPEDOES FOR BRITISH COASTS.**—The project which has now developed itself of instituting local defences at our coast towns is one which must have attractions for every man who retains any patriotism, and has the honesty to look our national dangers fairly in the face. The movement originated in a conviction that if our exposed seaside towns, of which there is now such a multitude, including the fashionable watering-places all along the south and east coast, are left without any proper protection, they are almost certain in case of war with a great naval Power, if not even with a small one, to be attacked by hostile gunboats. The conditions of modern maritime warfare are such that it would be easy for a swift-steaming gunboat to elude the big war ships stationed for the defence of a long line of coast, and to appear suddenly before one of the rich and comfortable-looking groups of houses that dot the British coast, with a demand for ransom, backed by a threat of instant demolition. —What would the Mayor, or Common Council, or the responsible authority of such a town say in such a case? It is to be feared that few would have the hardihood to defy the adven-

turous foe, and stand out the promised bombardment for some hours until the telegraph or the sound of the firing drew up to the spot the nearest man-of-war. But whether the community, or those authorised to act for the community, made up their minds to pay or to be shot at, there would equally be a certainty of severe loss to be borne by the inhabitants. No one could make sure that his own house would not be unlucky enough to receive a shell, and no one could guarantee that when the occupants of all the houses had fled inland, which they would be pretty sure to do, the buildings would not catch fire and perish in a wholesale conflagration. What is the remedy for these dangers? It seems clear that the Admiralty cannot be expected at once to provide torpedoes and torpedo boats sufficient to protect all the unfortified towns around all our coasts. If these most necessary appliances are to be procured, it must be by the exertions and at the cost of the towns themselves, which might not unfairly be asked to consider the money subscribed for purchasing these weapons as forming a sort of insurance fund, to be utilised in the most efficacious manner by providing a guarantee against future losses. The towns that set a good example in assisting such a movement will soon doubtless be joined by others; and the effect of the scheme would soon be to make the whole coast-line a very dangerous place for the most venturesome enemy.

**PEASANT PROPRIETORS.**—A successful meeting was held the other day at the Mansion House in support of the Small Farm and Labourers' Land Association. The Company would, of course, be unable to do much good if economical causes were working in a direction different from that in which it wishes to move; but there are some indications that this is not the case. American competition makes it impossible for our farmers to grow corn on any land except the very best; and, in these hard times, many of them cannot afford to cultivate turnips and clover. The consequence is, as Sir R. Lloyd-Lindsay said, that in almost every county there are thousands of acres "going so far to waste as to be in a condition of what is called 'tumbling down to grass.'" Not improbably, therefore, it will be the interest of landowners to try whether better results cannot be accomplished by new methods. In a letter to the chairman of the Mansion House meeting, Lord Carnarvon expressed his "sense of the great part landowners may take in advancing this matter by offering facilities on their own properties for the purchase of small plots of ground;" and he added that he himself had already made a beginning in Hampshire. Other landlords may be induced to follow his example, not merely from benevolent motives, but because the existing agricultural system does not pay. There can be no doubt that peasant proprietors are willing to bestow on their land an amount of care and labour which cannot be obtained for hire; and the Small Farm and Labourers' Land Association would deserve the gratitude of the country if it succeeded in giving a fair start to a considerable number of persons of this class. The movement is at least as favourable to Conservatism as to Liberalism, for everywhere peasant proprietors are found to be the most resolute opponents of social agitators.

**HONOURS AT A DISCOUNT.**—It might have been better had Mr. Gladstone made inquiries of the intending recipients of his peerages, baronetcies, and other distinctions, whether they would be gratefully accepted. Almost every day during the earlier part of the week the papers have chronicled some fresh instance of "declined with thanks." When this happens, the Sovereign is placed in an altogether wrong position, while the democracy are taught to regard titles and their owners with lofty disdain. Mr. Samuel Morley and Mr. Phillips would not have added appreciably to the lustre of "the Upper Ten," although good enough men in their way, and since they did not care for "handles to their names," the world will no doubt jog along somehow without any stupendous catastrophe. But Mr. Watts would have been a real addition to the baronetage, and we are inclined to regret that he did not, like Mr. Millais, accept the honour. Perhaps he may have declined through a misgiving that the public might imagine the reward conferred for political partisanship instead of for services to Art. It certainly looked curious to see the names of two distinguished artists figuring in a list of "outgoing honours." All the others were conferred for political services, and the public, or rather its more ignorant sections, would consequently credit Mr. Millais and Mr. Watts with having given a helping hand to the Seats Bill, or something of that sort. Of course it was a mere inadvertence on the part of Mr. Gladstone to make the offer just at this time. He may have forgotten to do so previously, or perhaps he was debating in his mind whether baronetcies should not be conferred on the whole of the R.A.'s, with a peerage for the President. But his ways are so inscrutable that we only feel certain on one point; this is, that he singled out Mr. Millais and Mr. Watts for distinction solely through admiration of their artistic talents, and without a single thought about their party proclivities.

**THE DEATH OF OLIVIER PAIN.**—The fate of M. Olivier Pain, so long enveloped in mystery, and so differently reported at different times and in different places, will, perhaps, be chiefly remembered as the occasion for one of those violent attacks which M. Rochefort and the men of M. Rochefort's stamp are so fond of making upon this country. The fact that M. Pain was a fellow-conspirator with the



editor of the old *Lanterne* may account for the transport of rage into which the present editor of the *Intransigent* falls whenever he thinks of his friend's death. But it would not, if M. Rochefort belonged to any other country than France, or to any other party than that of the Communists, be held to excuse him for trying to make political capital out of an event which he considers so sad. A man must have lost even the last shreds of self-respect left to him by a life of treasonable violence before he can accuse a man in the position of Lord Wolseley of wilfully concocting a telegram to account for the death of an obscure French spy who had joined the camp of the enemies of Christianity and civilisation, and was a renegade from all the duties of social life. If M. Rochefort has an anonymous friend, who, in some mysterious way, has picked up a new account of M. Pain's fate, of course he is at liberty to publish the account for what it is worth. But this is a very different thing from assuming its truth without any evidence that could for a moment be admitted in a court of law, and then founding upon it the most odious accusations against the General-in-Chief of a friendly nation. But M. Rochefort and many of his friends think that just now any stick is good enough to use for the castigation of "perfidious Albion."

**CITY COMPANIES.**—It is good news that the Plumbers' Company has resolved henceforth to take some interest in the trade it is supposed to represent. Men and masters are, it seems, to be registered and instructed, and their work is to be, as far as possible, carefully inspected. If these excellent intentions are fulfilled, the Plumbers' Company will become a highly popular institution. At a time when sanitary science attracts so much attention the plumber is an exceedingly important person; but it would be flattery to say that the results of his labours invariably, or even generally, give perfect satisfaction. Should his company look after him, it is possible that he may begin to see the necessity of improving his methods, and even to take pride in the soundness of his work. Why should not other City Companies follow the example which the Plumbers' Company is setting? Some of them have shown great interest in technical education, but of the majority all that is known is that they have much property, and that they occasionally enjoy good dinners. If they would consent to be in reality as well as in name the representatives of their respective trades, they might even yet establish a good reputation. They have not, however, much time to lose. In the very first Session of the New Parliament some awkward questions are likely to be asked about the wealth of the Companies, and the manner in which it can be most wisely used for the benefit of the community.

**PRESS COPYRIGHT IN INDIA.**—Many English people have read, no doubt with amazement, that the Anglo-Indian Press is striving to get an Act passed by which any matter appearing in an Indian newspaper will be secured copyright for twenty-four hours. In this country such a restriction would be fought against by three-quarters of the daily papers, and especially by evening journals. What would the latter Press do if it were forbidden to appropriate telegrams appearing in London papers until twenty-four hours had elapsed from the time of original publication? But in India there is cogent reason for the proposed embargo on piracy. The great Anglo-Indian papers, such as the *Pioneer*, the *Calcutta Englishman*, the *Bombay Gazette*, and the *Civil and Military Gazette*, pay large sums for special telegrams from England, the overland rates being exceptionally high. The inland rates for Press messages are, on the contrary, very low. Consequently, no sooner does, say, the *Pioneer* publish at Allahabad some bulletin from London which has cost several hundred pounds, than it is sent along the wires to smaller stations throughout the whole area covered by the *Pioneer's* circulation, and published at each of these places in some wretched little rag which could not exist except for these pilferings. In fine, it is a system of organised piracy, chiefly managed by natives; and so detrimental is its effect in forestalling those who pay for the telegrams, that they are seriously thinking of giving up special messages. The only question is whether twenty-four hours would be a sufficient time to allow for copyright. It often takes a good deal more time than that for one of the great papers to travel by post to the limits of the territory it supplies with news; and, when that is the case, forestalling could only be prevented by extending copyright to the number of hours occupied in postal transmission.

**HEIRLOOMS AND BARONETCIES.**—The case of the Carnac heirlooms will form a decided precedent in that domain of law which relates to the attractive subject of titles and dignities. It involved the question, which was, on the face of it, simple enough, but which had not apparently been definitely decided, whether a mere baronetcy, having no lands attached to it, was a species of "real" property, or to use the orthodox phrase an "incorporeal hereditament," descending according to the laws of entail in the same way as lands entailed descend to the heir of each occupant. If this were the correct view of the case, then the provisions of the Settled Land Act would apply, and the tenant in tail in possession would be enabled, under certain conditions, to sell the heirlooms. But if not, the result would be that a massive service of plate, belonging to an impecunious gentleman who had not the means to make the plate of any use to him, would be kept lying idle at a bank or warehouse, and not only lying idle, but involving a certain expenditure for its custody; and

insurance, waiting for the time when some future Carnac should have come into a fortune, and been able to set up a grand establishment. If the present baronet had been the tenant in possession of any land the difficulty could hardly have arisen; but one of the peculiarities of the case was, that not an acre of land was settled in the same way as the silver. Mr. Justice Chitty, however, refused to take a narrow view of the case, and, in spite of the opposition of the trustees, who attempted to force Sir James Carnac to retain the plate, has ordered it to be sold and the proceeds invested, so that they may be of some benefit to him and his family.

**NOTICE TO BINDER.**—One of our Supplements, "A VISIT TO MOUNT KILIMA-NJARO, III," pages 661 to 664, though issued this week, belongs to Vol. XXXI, and must be placed in accordance with the pagination.

**NOTICE.**—With this number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT entitled "BLACK-EYE'D SUSAN," drawn by W. C. Symons, and forming the Frontispiece to Vol. XXXI.

**NOTICE.**—This week we publish the first part of a NEW SERIAL STORY, entitled "FIRST PERSON SINGULAR," by David Christie Murray, author of "Joseph's Coat," "A Bit of Human Nature," &c., illustrated by C. S. Reinhart and Arthur Hopkins, to be continued weekly till completion.



**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills, every evening at 8.15. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving, Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry. Preceded at 7.45 by THE BALANCE OF COMFORT.

**SPECIAL MATINEE OF OLIVIA, MONDAY, July 20.**  
Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open Ten to Five, where Seats can be booked in advance, or by letter or telegram. Carriages 11.15.

**THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry Street, W.**—Lighted by Electricity. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Every Evening at 8 will be played the Comedietta, by C. M. RAE, FIRST IN THE FIELD, followed by (at 9) the very successful farcical play in three acts, by R. C. CARTON and Cecil Raleigh, called THE GREAT PINK PEARL. Messrs. Marius, E. W. Garden, A. M. Denison, Caffrey, S. Harcourt, Hamilton Bell, H. Parry, C. Bowland, and Charles Groves; Misses Compton, Clara Jecks, Gabrielle Goldney, E. H. Brooke, &c. Doors open at 7.40, commence at 8. Carriages at 11. Box Office open 11 to 5. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (3,700). Business Manager and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS.

**LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION**  
OF NAVIGATION, TRAVELLING, COMMERCE, AND MANUFACTURE, 1885.

The Executive Council offer premiums of 30 guineas, 20 guineas, and 10 guineas respectively, for the three best designs sent in for competition for an ADVERTISING POSTER, 6 feet by 9 feet, illustrative of the objects of the Exhibition, the sketches to be one fourth full size. The successful artist will receive a further sum of 20 guineas if required to furnish full-size cartoon. For conditions of the competition apply to HENRY BLOOMFIELD, BARE, Secretary.  
Liverpool Exhibition Offices,  
A11, Exchange-buildings, Liverpool.

**INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, South Kensington, 1885.** PATRON: H.M. the QUEEN.

PRESIDENT: H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.  
Division 1, INVENTIONS. Division 2, MUSIC.  
Admission to the Exhibition, 1s. Every Week Day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d.

THREE BANDS DAILY.  
The Strauss Orchestra from Vienna, and the Pomeranian (Blücher) Hussars.  
EVENING FETES. Illuminated Fountains, and Gardens lighted every evening by many thousands of Electrical Glow Lamps.  
Special Evening Fetes Wednesdays and Saturdays.

**INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.**  
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.  
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'  
New and Brilliantly Successful Programme.  
EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.  
Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, at Three and Eight.  
Last Few Nights of the eminent American Humourist,  
M. S. W. SWEATNAM,  
Appears at Every Performance.  
Tickets and Places Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees.

**GENERAL GORDON AT KHARTOUM.**  
"THE LAST WATCH." THE GORDON MEMORIAL FUND  
By LOWES DICKINSON. PICTURE, British Gallery, Pall Mall (opposite Marlboro' House). Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

"ANNO DOMINI," by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This Great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important Works, at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission 1s.

**ZEUXIS AT CROTONA.** By EDWIN LONG, R.A.  
I. "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY." II. "THE CHOSEN FIVE." These Two New Pictures, with "ANNO DOMINI" and other works, ON VIEW at 168, New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

**NEW ENGRAVINGS, &c., ON VIEW.**  
MAYTIME. BASIL BRADLEY.  
TWO LOVE AND DUTY. S. E. WALLER.  
NAPOLEON ON THE "BELLEROPHON."  
THE GLOAMING. CARL HEFFNER.  
DAWN (Companion to do.).  
THE MISSING BOATS. R. H. CARTER.  
A PEGGED DOWN FISHING MATCH. DENDY SADLER.  
FIRST DAYS OF SPRING. ISEMBART.  
PARTING KISS. ALMA TADENA.  
&c., &c., &c.  
N.B.—Engravings of above on sale at lowest prices.  
THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS  
JEO. REES, 115, Strand, Corner of Savoy Street.

**INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, Group 13, No. 1390.**—Dr. HARRY LOBB'S system of Medical Electrization. Batteries, Conductors &c. Curative Electricity free by post 13 stamps, from Dr. LOBB, 66, Russell Square, London.

**BRIGHTON.—FREQUENT TRAINS** from Victoria and London Bridge.  
Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street.  
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days.  
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Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.  
Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday.  
From Victoria 10.0 a.m., Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.  
Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton Every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge.  
Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.  
Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday From Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.52 p.m.  
Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.  
Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations.  
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Tidal Special Express Service (1st and 2nd Class).  
From Victoria and London Bridge every Weekday morning.  
Night Service Weekdays and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).  
From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m.  
Fares—Single, 45s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 75s., 45s., 32s.  
The "Normandy" and "Brittany," Splendid Fast Paddle Steamers accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 34 hours.  
A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.  
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

**TICKETS** and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.  
(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



### THE PASTORAL PLAYERS AT COOMBE HOUSE

ON Saturday last the first performance of the *Faithful Shepherdess*, by John Fletcher, was given in the grounds of Coombe House, under the direction of Mr. E. W. Godwin. The play is one of the few written single-handed by Fletcher. The text in the original being somewhat pronounced in its tone has been judiciously pruned and adapted by Mr. Godwin to the requirements of the Pastoral Players. The effect of the natural beauties of the spot—so well selected for a stage—is greatly enhanced by the charming Greek costumes of the shepherds and shepherdesses who flit in and out among the trees, and sing with great taste the effective music composed by Mr. Batson expressly for the play. Mr. Godwin's arrangement of his tableaux is thoroughly effective, and when we consider the immense difficulties that not only the manager, but also the actors and actresses, have to contend with to really complete the illusion, we cannot speak too highly of the whole performance. We have elsewhere spoken of the admirable acting of Lady Archibald Campbell and the Princess Hellen of Kappurthala, who sustain the chief characters of Perigot and Amoret. The subject our artist has chosen is where Amarillis (Mrs. George Batten), under the form of Amoret, makes ardent love to Perigot. The situation is a fine one, and probably the only real dramatic point in the play.

A very fine piece of acting on the part of Lady Archibald Campbell occurs here, and again in the mad scene, where she is so forcible that no masculine element is wanting. The graceful acting of Miss Lucy Roche and the other performers is commended in our Theatrical column. The orchestra of forty performers, placed to the left of the stage, and hidden from sight, is extremely good, and well conducted. The choruses are equally worthy of praise. Messrs. G. Thomas, G. Harrington, Heath, J. H. Baker, W. M. Baker, and H. M. Stamford played the satyrs admirably, and their fantastic and weird gambols amongst the trees, accompanied by the clashing of cymbals, were most realistic. The Prince and Princess of Wales shook hands most cordially with the principal actors, and congratulated them on their success.

### MR. ALEXANDER FINN, F.R.G.S.

THIS gentleman, who is British Consul at Resht, which, through its proximity to Sarakhs and the new Perso-Russo-Afghan frontier, has now become an important position, is an old Civil servant. He was employed for some time in the Post Office, Audit Office, and Civil Service Commission. After passing the necessary examination he was appointed clerk in the Chancery of the Legation at Teheran, on December 4, 1874. In 1880 he was promoted to be Vice-Consul, and has since been appointed Consul at Resht. His name has recently come before the public in connection with what appears from the telegraphic information to be a piece of high-handed conduct on the part of the Russians. On returning to Resht from visiting the Camp of the Afghan Mission, Mr. Finn lost a mule near Sarakhs. He sent his clerk with a civil note to the Russian officer commanding at that place, asking for his assistance to recover the animal. No reply was vouchsafed, but the clerk was arrested and sent as a prisoner to Askabad. Mr. Finn is an excellent Persian scholar, and has written a very handy Persian manual for beginners and travellers.—Our portrait is from a photograph by a Russian photographer at Baku.

### CAPTAIN A. F. BARROW

CAPTAIN A. F. BARROW received his early military training at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, whence he was appointed in August, 1869, to the 105th Light Infantry, at that time stationed at Meerut. He served with his regiment for two years, and then joined the Bengal Staff Corps, being posted to the 12th Kelat-i-Ghilzai Regiment. He served as Deputy Assistant Quarter Master General of the Peshawar District from December, 1875, to May, 1877, during which period he received the thanks of the Government of India, and of the Commander-in-Chief for the movements of troops and the general arrangements made in the severe Cholera Epidemic of 1876. Appointed Adjutant of the 12th Kelat-i-Ghilzai Regiment he served with the regiment in that capacity throughout the first period of the last Afghan War with the Kandahar Column. He joined the Staff College, Sandhurst, in 1882, and passed out in December, 1883. The winter of 1883-4 he spent in Moscow studying Russian, and was appointed Private Secretary and A.D.C. to Sir Peter Lumsden the following summer. He served throughout with that officer on the Afghan Boundary Commission, and returned alone with Sir Peter Lumsden on that officer being instructed to "repair to the Metropolis" by the late Government.—Our portrait is from a photograph by John Edwards, 1, Park Side, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.

### THE CAMBRIDGE WRANGLERS

ARTHUR BERRY, the Senior Wrangler, is the son of the late Edward Berry, of Leicester, and was born at Upper Norwood, December 28th, 1862. He was educated at home, at Whitgift School, Croydon, 1871-6, under the Rev. E. H. Genge as mathematical master, the head-master being Mr. R. Brodie. After studying a year in Saxony he went to University College School, his mathematical master being Mr. R. Tucker, and his head-master Mr. H. W. Eve (1878-9); and subsequently to University College, under Professors R. C. Rowe and O. Henrici (1879-82). He took the London B.A. in Honours in 1881; and obtained an Entrance Scholarship at King's College, Cambridge, in 1882. His college tutor was Mr. G. W. Prothero; and his private tutor Dr. Routh.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Scott and Wilkinson, Cambridge.

AUGUSTUS EDWARD HUGH LOVE, Second Wrangler, is the son of John Henry Love, surgeon, Wolverhampton. He was born at Weston-super-Mare, 1863, educated at Wolverhampton Grammar School, the head-master being Mr. T. Beach, M.A., and the mathematical master Mr. Henry Williams, B.A. He was placed first in the Kingdom in the Cambridge Local Examination, held December, 1879, and offered the Sizarship for the first in the Kingdom in Classics in December, 1880. Mr. Love holds the Warner Scholarship from his school, and the Hatherton Scholarship as the result of the Cambridge Local Examination, 1879. He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, with a Sizarship won in open competition in 1882.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Hills and Saunders, Cambridge.

HERBERT WILLIAM RICHMOND, the Third Wrangler, is the son of the Rev. W. H. Richmond, late head-master of Drapers' College, Tottenham, and was born on July 17th, 1863. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, under the Rev. Dr. Baker, his mathematical master being the Rev. J. A. L. Airey. In January, 1883, he gained an open "Eton" Scholarship at King's College, Cambridge, and in June of the same year was elected Parkin Exhibitioner of the school. He also gained the Barnet (University) Scholarship in 1883. His college tutor is Mr. G. W. Prothero, and his private tutor Dr. Routh.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Scott and Wilkinson, Cambridge.





MR. ALEXANDER FINN  
British Consul at Resht,  
Whose Clerk has just been Arrested by the Russians  
Near the Russo-Persian Border



CAPT. A. F. BARROW  
Private Secretary and A.D.C. to General Sir Peter  
Lumsden



MR. ARTHUR BERRY  
(King's College)  
Senior Wrangler

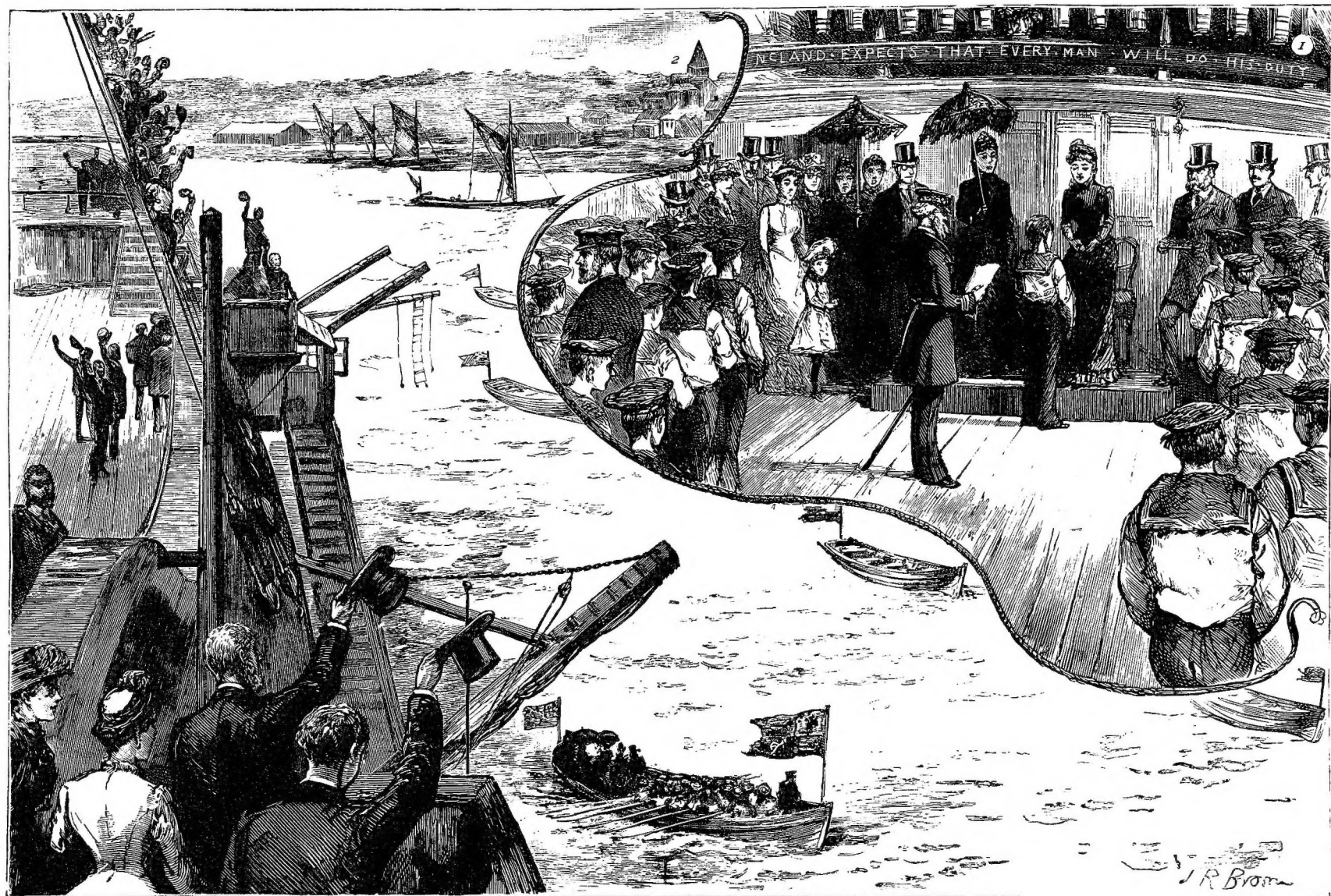


MR. E. H. LOVE  
(St. John's College)  
Second Wrangler



MR. H. W. RICHMOND  
(King's College)  
Third Wrangler

### THE CAMBRIDGE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS



1. The Most Popular Boy in the Ship: "A Good Sailor Boy and a Capital Petty Officer."—2. The Princess Leaving: "Three *Exmouth* Cheers."  
THE ANNUAL INSPECTION OF THE TRAINING-SHIP "EXMOUTH" BY THE PRINCESS LOUISE





CAVALRY DISPLAY BY THE THIRD (KING'S OWN) HUSSARS AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

W. Charlton



## THE PRINCESS LOUISE VISITING THE "EXMOUTH."

ON Saturday the Princess Louise visited the Metropolitan Asylums Board training-ship *Exmouth*, in order to present the annual prizes to the lads who, recruited from the ranks of homeless children, are being ably trained for a sea life. The vessel lies in the river off Grays, which was gallantly decorated for the occasion, the Royal Party being received at the station by a guard of the Essex Volunteer Artillery, under the command of Colonel Howard. Colonel Wortham, R.A., commanding the Artillery in the Eastern District, and the chief residents in the county were at the station to welcome the Princess, who was presented with an address by the Rev. Mr. Brennan, to which the Marquis of Lorne made a suitable reply. The Royal Party then drove to the waterside, where the boats of the *Exmouth* were in waiting to convey the visitors on board.

When the Princess and Marquis reached the upper-deck of the *Exmouth* the band of the ship struck up the National Anthem, and the Royal salute was given, while at the same time the Royal ensign was run aloft. The boys, who were in the summer costume of sailors, were drawn up in twelve companies, in all some 550, the complement of 600 being thus short owing to many having been lately discharged to the position of earners by entering the Royal or mercantile marine, or into the Army bands. The ranks were inspected under Captain Bouchier, who, it will be remembered, succeeded to the command of this ship when the old *Goliath* was burnt. The visitors were struck with the fine physique of the lads, and General Batten was warmly congratulated upon the fact, as showing that the *Exmouth* crew had plenty of food to meet appetites sharpened by activity in the open air.

The Royal party then went into the Captain's drawing-room, where the ladies who had assembled there to receive the Princess were presented to her by General Batten. They were Mrs. Galsworthy, Mrs. Batten, Mrs. Bouchier, Mrs. Cooper-Keates, Miss Bouchier, and Miss Ethel Bouchier, the grand-daughter of the Captain, a little lady of six years old, Miss Minnie Cooper-Keates, presenting the Princess with a handsome bouquet, which Her Royal Highness graciously received. The Royal party then lunched in the Board Room, after which they closely inspected the ship, and, on arriving on the orlop deck, found fifty of the gunners ready to show hammock-drill. This having been gone through, all the boys were afterwards drilled in two divisions on the upper deck, first in marching and counter-marching, and then in gymnastic exercises. Then was exhibited the proficiency of the elder boys in the work of rescuing a shipwrecked crew, who were brought safely, by means of the life-line shot out from an upper part of the rigging, to the deck, amid the cheers of the spectators. Then the gunnery class exhibited their proficiency in working the ship's artillery, the ambulance class dealt with several cases of supposed injury promptly and well. Work was then changed into play by a mimicry of the performance of the duties of citizens, and the lads exercised the franchise in the election of a popular boy, who received the reward of a silver watch, and who, like many of his fellows, was characterised by the Captain as "a good sailor-boy and a capital petty officer." The Princess distributed prizes given in reward for merit in scholarship or seamanship, for efficiency as petty officers, for proficiency with musical instruments, and for skill in the various departments of duty on board a large ship, it being Captain Bouchier's principle of government that it is better to reward good conduct than to have a black list.

A vote of thanks was then given to the Princess by the visitors, and responded to by Lord Lorne, who reminded the boys that the ship was called after Admiral Pellew, Earl of Exmouth, who so effectually chastised the Dey of Algiers, and who, by his bravery and fidelity, had won his way to the highest position in the country from a subordinate position. Cheers were then given for the Princess and the Marquis, and, after another Royal salute had been rendered, the Royal Party returned to town the way they came.

## THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT AND CAVALRY DISPLAY BY THE THIRD HUSSARS

THE Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, in aid of the Military Charities, which has now become one of the chief entertainments of the London season, was again eminently successful. Apart from the usual bouts of sword *et* lance, tent pegging, lance against bayonet, the driving of the Royal Artillery guns through a narrow passage bounded by posts, and the ever popular musical ride of the Royal Horse Guards, there were various new and important manoeuvres executed by all branches of the army, and including a grand attack on an enemy's fortified post, which necessitated the construction of a bridge across a river by the Engineers, and the escalation of a wall by the infantry. One of the most interesting manoeuvres, however, was an illustration by the Third Hussars of the work advocated by some military authorities for mounted infantry—the work, the *Times* tells us, which was carried out by the German Uhlans in the Franco-German War. The Hussars had their rifles slung, and wore their cartridge belts, and in their movements presented the tactics of mounted skirmishers feeling for the enemy. To quote the description from the official programme:—"The display is intended to describe a Mounted Party, in advance of a Main Body, marching to meet an enemy."

"To feel for the enemy, scouts are sent forward, and, perceiving the approach of the enemy's cavalry, circle right, and canter (which is a signal to the main body that cavalry are approaching); the scouts then move under cover and open fire upon the enemy, their horses being taken out of range by their comrades; but, being forced to retire, they fall back on their support."

"The enemy not further advancing, four men run forward, putting their horses down under cover, open fire. The enemy appearing in greater force, the remaining four men advance to their assistance. The horses being in danger from enemy's fire are taken to the rear by two men (the incident shown in our illustration); a still stronger force appearing, their horses are brought up, they mount, retire a short distance, but finding themselves surrounded, form square, make their horses lie down, and fire volleys, causing the enemy to retire."

"The whole then charge. Two horses are supposed to have been killed in the charge. Their riders defend themselves by opening fire, until rescued by two of their comrades (who take them upon their own horses)."

"The last movement (double mounting) is simply to show how men can be brought out of action, whether wounded or otherwise."

## THE PARTICULAR SERVICE SQUADRON

AMONGST the various lessons learned from the evolutions of the fleet in Bantry Bay is the bad behaviour of the torpedo boats in heavy weather. Our artist shows the appearance of several of Commander Galloway's little fleet in a gale, when the weather proved so boisterous that one of the first-class boats had her screw broken, and was completely disabled. In writing of the stormy weather the *Standard* correspondent writes:—"As for the torpedo boats, they were for the time worse than useless. I have seen one of them which was smashed up in a collision with a sister vessel. About four feet of her bows were literally crumpled up as if so much brown paper, and but for her watertight compartment the boat would have been sunk. What we want is a larger and stronger torpedo vessel, not quite so substantial, perhaps, as the *Polyphemus*, but still strong enough to be able to knock about with a fleet without

running continual risk of being staved in. It is actually dangerous for any of the boats here to come alongside in a heavy sea. Their sides are so thin that they would collapse upon the slightest pretext, and much surprise is expressed that more accidents have not happened to these frail craft." Of course, in a smooth sea their speed and facility of evolution render them invaluable, particularly at night, when used against an inimical fleet either for scouting or torpedo purposes. Thus our artist writes:—"In spite of adverse criticisms, the torpedo boats with the Squadron have proved themselves very useful in scouting and attacking during the night evolutions at Bantry. We have had rather heavy gales lately, the sea in the Bay being at times excessively lumpy. My sketch represents Commander Galloway's little fleet on their journey from Glengarriff to the anchorage. The shark-like little craft cut straight through the waves, sometimes almost burying themselves in the water."

The accident to the *Leander*, one of the new cruisers, also happened in a heavy sea, when returning from some nocturnal manoeuvre. The *Daily News* correspondent writes:—"In coming in to take up her anchorage, when it was perfectly dark and landmarks could not easily be distinguished, the *Leander*, after passing safely through the intricate western channel into Berehaven, struck on the Hornet Rock. She was being swung round, apparently with the object of getting head to windward, the better to take up her quarters, when she bumped heavily, and an ominous sound told that the thin steel with which she is sheathed was being severely tried, if not torn. Soon a leak showed, and the water began to go in so fast in two or three compartments, although the watertight doors were securely closed, that fears of inability to keep her afloat were entertained. Nearly all of her crew were kept hard at work, and the pumps were going incessantly all night. Yet all efforts proved fruitless to keep the water from going in. All precautions usual in such cases were taken; but it became evident to-day that the damage was too serious to be patched up; and Admiral Hornby gave orders for her to be taken into shallow water, where the receding tide would leave her, if not high and dry, at all events with hull above water, no matter what might happen. This decision was not arrived at a moment too soon, for through the open seams of her thin plating a continuous stream was flowing at the rate of a thousand tons an hour, and rather faster than the *Leander's* powerful pumps could get it out again." Our artist writes:—"Collision-sheets were immediately buoyed round her, and her pumps set to work, and eventually she was in a fit condition to return to dock at Plymouth." Our illustration shows her appearance the following morning.

"Sowing a Torpedo Field." Mr. Villiers writes:—"Nearly four hundred mines of sorts have been sown in the vicinity of either of the booms. My sketch represents Lieuts. Hall and Thomas of the *Sultan* dropping their seeds of destruction across the Bay. The *Polyphemus* is painted in a low tone of grey, so that in slightly misty weather she mixes herself up with the background of hills in the Bay, and is almost invisible at a few hundred yards. Though ugly enough, it's the right sort of war-paint." Of the remaining illustration he writes:—"My sketch depicts the attack and capture of the *Conquest* by Lieutenant Knight of H.M.S. *Sultan* in his second-class torpedo boat. On Monday night, 13th ult., Lieutenant Knight crept up under cover of the darkness within two hundred yards of the *Conquest*, and was able to fire the first shot before the *Conquest* was aware of his presence, consequently the *Conquest* according to the rules was *hors de combat*. In lieu of a torpedo, a gun was fired. The sketch shows Lieutenant Knight in the act of firing one of the two torpedoes which the second-class boats carry. In pulling a line from the steering place in the bow of the boat the claws of the machine at the side of the boat open and release the torpedo, setting its screw in motion. The torpedo then drops into the water, and starts on its errand of destruction. Directly its head or one of its whiskers touches the object it immediately explodes, doing terrible execution."

## A TRIP TO THE BUFFALO RANGES, VICTORIA

OUR sketches, by Mr. G. R. Ashton, depict some incidents of a trip to North-Eastern Victoria recently undertaken by Sir H. Loch, Governor of Victoria, Lady Loch, their son, Master Douglass Loch, the Staff, and several members of Parliament. On their arrival at the town of Bright a banquet was held in their honour. Thence they started for the mountains in a coach and drag, through a fertile country studded with vineyards and hop gardens, and wheat and maize paddocks. After lunching at Harriettville the party proceeded to the Mount St. Bernard Hospice amid grand mountain scenery. This hospice was erected by the Victorian Government, and stands some 5,000 feet above the sea-level. The snow-drifts there in winter are very deep, and six months' provisions have to be provided for the keeper of the hospice, which is completely snowed up in the winter, snow shoes and sleighs having to be used for bringing in wood. Two years ago a mail-man was lost in the snow near the hospice. After spending a day in ascending Mount Hotham and Mount Feathertop the Governor and his party returned to Bright, visiting the gold crushing mills of Wandiligong by the way; that town having the reputation of producing a larger quantity of gold in proportion to its size than any other in Victoria. "The Governor's tour," writes the *Melbourne Age*, "has not been without beneficial results, for it has given his Excellency an opportunity of seeing one of our most promising districts, and has brought him in direct communication with many residents of that part of the colony. Wherever stoppages occurred, the Governor always appeared desirous of conversing with the inhabitants, leading the conversation up to local topics in a most animated way, making inquiries, collecting information, and in return offering words of encouragement and advice."

## "FIRST PERSON SINGULAR"

A NEW STORY by Mr. D. C. Murray, author of "Joseph's Coat," &c., illustrated by C. Reinhart and Arthur Hopkins, begins on page 13.

## "BLACK-EYED SUSAN"

THIS Picture, drawn by W. C. Symons, forms the Frontispiece to Vol. XXXI.

## AN ARTIST'S NOTES AT HENLEY

See pp. 21 *et seqq*

NOTE.—The engravings in our Henley Supplement, published this week, are from drawings by Mr. Sydney P. Hall, made from the original sketches by Mr. C. W. Cole, R.N.

A GOETHE SOCIETY has been formally constituted at Weimar, under the protectorate of the Grand Duke, President Simson, of the Imperial Court, being the first President. The purpose of the Society is to increase the Goethe archives, found a circulating library, continue the Goethe Year-Book, prepare a uniform stage arrangement of Goethe's plays and a complete edition of his works, and to publish a comprehensive biography of the great German writer. The Society will meet every spring at Weimar, in connection with the Shakespeare Society, and has already begun work upon the mass of Goethe archives which had been kept concealed for years by his lately deceased descendant.



THIS is a very active month in the domestic as well as the fashionable world, balls, concerts, and all sorts of indoor amusements giving place to picnics, boating, tennis, and garden parties. It is thought nothing of nowadays to go fifty or more miles from London for an outdoor *fête* of any description, and to return home in the small hours of the morning, and very delightful are these excursions at sunrise, when the air is so cool and refreshing.

Dust cloaks form a very important article of the toilette this season; they are made very elaborately, and, in some cases, are so costly as to depart from their original purpose, namely, to protect a lady's toilette from dust, and to be put aside when the place of destination is reached. As it is now, they are composed of fine *fillee*-coloured canvas, trimmed with cashmere lace—a very stylish novelty—and bows and loops of ribbon in profusion. Woe betide this elaborate garment if a heavy shower comes on; it soon assumes a forlorn appearance. Many ladies set their faces against these cumbersome and expensive dust cloaks, and wear light waterproofed silk or alpaca, with a simple hem and a few rows of stitching; the back is made semi-fitting to the waist, and the skirt is then put in with two deep pleats; the wide sleeves come from the shoulder, and are made very loose.

Although bright colours and striking contrasts are still in vogue, they are not so popular and generally worn as subdued and neutral tints; cream colour, with its numerous variations in tones and shades, greys, stones, and buffs, beige, and the palest shades of pink and blue. White and cream muslins, plain, spotted, or figured, are much worn at garden parties, sometimes over a thin silk or satin of the same tint, at others with a coloured lining; they are trimmed more or less fully with lace and ribbons. Very young girls still wear the simple skirt gathered into a band, and fastened with a wide, soft silk sash tied behind; elder sisters prefer what, in Paris, is called the Charlotte Corday skirt, which is a cross between the housemaid's and the milkmaid skirts. It is made quite full and plain, opening in front over a square narrow *tablier*. Although this costume may be made in muslin over a colour, it looks much better in a figured material of cotton or chintz.

We recently saw some costumes of sateen and chintz which were very pretty and simple. One was of pale grey, with bunches of poppies and green oats; the *tablier* was of crimson cretonne, with a very full pattern of gold and blue. The bodice was made with a round waist in front, and two small coat lappets at the back; this skirt is not gored, but gathered very finely into a band, the greatest fulness being on the hips. To make this costume strictly correct, a horse-hair pad is fixed on each hip; the sleeves are what in days of yore used to be called leg of mutton, full from the armhole to the elbow, and then narrowing down to the wrist. This costume is very becoming to a trim young figure, and makes a pleasing change, but after twenty it is not admissible; it looks very nice for girls in their teens in Java cotton and Arabian cotton, which are stylish, durable, and inexpensive materials for seaside wear.—Draped skirts are still the greatest favourites; they allow of such variety of arrangements and displays of individual taste. Nothing can look more dainty than a buff chintz with bunches of poppies, ripe corn, and green oats, draped over a petticoat of dull red cretonne, covered with brown catkins; Tuscan hat, trimmed with black velvet and field flowers. Very neat and useful costumes for the country and seaside are made of plain and striped beige combined, with waistcoat and skirt of the stripe, and polonaise and drapery of the plain. But not all complexions can bear the beige colour alone, and in that case a collar, waistcoat, and cuffs of pale blue, pink, or scarlet may be introduced. The new cashmere lace of which we spoke above is a great acquisition to the trimming department; it assimilates well with any material, and is not injured by damp.—A material which lays no claim to novelty, but has lost none of its popularity, is Indian silk; it is so delightfully cool, and falls in such soft folds. The gradations of colour are so delicate, from the deepest red to the palest blush pink, from the darkest purple to the palest winter sky-blue, whilst as to the old and new golds their name is legion.—A very pretty new material is called spider web cotton cloth. As its name would suggest, it is a very transparent fabric; it is made plain, and striped in colours; combined with lace and ribbons a very pretty dinner toilette is the result.—Of the light materials most in favour canvas is first favourite; it is made in a great variety of textures and combinations, striped with plush, velvet, *moiré*, cotton; a speciality for tennis costumes is the racket canvas, which is open worked to imitate the meshes of a tennis net. For evening toilettes tulle is much worn over satin petticoats; dark shades are almost as much liked as cream, or other delicate hues. For example, a crimson tulle skirt over a satin petticoat, low corsage of velvet or satin, draped with tulle.

A quaint passing fancy in Paris is to arrange on a high bodice a deep heart-shaped plastron, richly braided or embroidered in gold on black or coloured tulle. Very stylish breakfast costumes are made in cashmere, silk, or satin, the hems and front braided in gold or steel, either flat or sewn on edgeways in a well-covered pattern, which has the effect of the richest embroidery, and is, in fact, all done by hand.

A very handsome dress for a married lady was recently sent from Paris: it was of bronze *moiré*, with a draped tunic of *crêpe*, spotted with gold and panelled with bronze velvet; the corselet of *moiré* was trimmed with velvet braces and puffs of tulle. Lace skirts, deep or narrow flounces, over colour are as much in favour as ever, but as a useful property nothing is more useful and appropriate for all times and seasons than a black or white Spanish or Chantilly lace.

A very graceful dress for a mature matron was made of black Chantilly lace over a steel grey *moiré*; the flounces were caught up here and there with bows of grey velvet. A lace mantle lined with grey *moiré* and trimmed with a deep jet collar; bonnet of black lace with shaded velvet geraniums.

This is one of the months when those who are not already provided with tailor-made costumes of cloth, serge, or cashmere should procure one or more according to what are their plans for the autumn campaign. For a walking tour dark blue, brown, or, better still, grey shot with white, serge is light and warm, and should be made at least two or three inches clear of the ground, as when enjoyment, regardless of dignity, is the order of the day nothing is more provoking than a skirt which requires to be held up on one side or the other.

The vexed question is which is the most comfortable style of hat for tennis, boating, or walking? On the one hand we have a wide-brimmed, light willow hat trimmed with a soft silk scarf, which is a perfect luxury on a calm, sunny day, but should the wind rise and the rain begin to drizzle, the willow hat soon becomes limp, and often flies away. The best plan to be pursued is to strap up a knitted or crocheted Tam O'Shanter in the waterproof cloak, which should be the constant and inseparable companion of every pedestrian. When the inevitable shower or downpour comes the willow hat may be slung on the back under the waterproof, and will take no harm.





MR. GLADSTONE'S original intention was to retire from the House of Commons with the close of the present Parliament. But he will now seek re-election for Midlothian, and remain the leader of the Liberal party. This is the gist of a letter from the ex-Premier read at the annual meeting of the Midlothian Liberal Association this week. As regards the new Ministry, Mr. Gladstone wrote:—"I now look to its future, not to its past. My duty is to support and assist it, so far as I have the power, in doing right, and not to anticipate that it will do wrong."

AFTER MR. GLADSTONE'S LETTER had been read, Lord Rosebery addressed the meeting in a long speech, in which he announced that at the General Election the great question to be decided was that of Local Government in England, in Scotland, and, above all, in Ireland. He did not think that, being in a minority in the House of Commons, the new Ministry could do much mischief, even if they wished, but he reprobated strongly the contemplated despatch of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff to Egypt as a gross insult to the Khédive, whom Sir Henry had accused of complicity in the massacre of Alexandria.

ADDRESSING, IN A SPEECH OF SOME VAGUENESS, a meeting of his constituents at Melton Mowbray on Tuesday, Lord John Manners said that he for one had no fault to find with Mr. Gladstone's conduct or language during the preceding ten days.

THE QUEEN HAS BESTOWED ON COUNTESS SPENCER, "as a mark of Her Majesty's personal esteem," the decoration of the Order of Victoria and Albert.

SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE the organisation of the new Administration has been completed, the following being the chief appointments not previously chronicled in this column. The Under-Secretaryships for the Home, War, Colonial, and Indian Departments have been bestowed on Mr. Stuart Wortley, M.P. for Sheffield, Viscount Bury, Lord Dunraven, and Lord Harris respectively; Baron Henry De Worms becomes Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade; and Mr. H. T. Northcote, Lord Idlesleigh's second son, Financial Secretary to the War Office.

THE FINANCIAL SECRETARYSHIP TO THE TREASURY devolves on Sir Henry Holland, and the Political on Mr. Akers Douglas; Mr. Ritchie, M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, becomes Secretary to the Admiralty; Earl Brownlow, Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board; Lord Beauchamp, Paymaster-General; Mr. Guy Dawnay, Surveyor-General of the Ordnance; and Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, a Civil Lord of the Admiralty. The Junior Lordships of the Treasury are bestowed on Mr. C. Dalrymple, the Member for Berkshire, who in the Conservative interest is to contest with Mr. Gladstone the representation of Midlothian at the General Election, on Mr. Sidney Herbert, and on Colonel Walrond.

IN THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD, the Duchess of Buccleuch becomes Mistress of the Robes; the Earl of Mount-Edgumbe, Lord Steward; the Earl of Lathom, Lord Chamberlain; the Earl of Bradford, Master of the Horse; the Marquis of Waterford, Master of the Buckhounds; Viscount Folkestone, Treasurer; and Lord Arthur Hill, Comptroller of Her Majesty's Household, besides various minor appointments.

A PEERAGE has been conferred on Mr. Rowland Winn, chief Conservative Whip, who will henceforth be known as Baron St. Oswald, of Nostell; and, at the instance of Mr. Gladstone, on Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, who will take the title of Lord de Rothschild; on Sir Robert Collier; and on Sir Arthur Hobhouse. Mr. C. Villiers, the venerable M.P. for Wolverhampton, and Mr. Samuel Morley have declined those offered them by the outgoing Premier, through whom the Earl of Breadalbane has become a Marquis, the Earl of Fife an Earl of the United Kingdom, and Viscount Powerscourt and Lord Henley Barons of the United Kingdom. The Garter has been bestowed on the Marquis of Northampton and the Earl of Sefton, and a shower of minor decorations has fallen on diplomatic and other servants of the Crown.

BARONETCIES HAVE BEEN BESTOWED by Mr. Gladstone on Mr. C. Tennant, M.P., Mr. Errington, M.P., Mr. Jardine, M.P., Mr. Thomas Brocklebank, of Springwood, Allerton, Mr. Isaac Lowthian Bell, Mr. Millais, R.A., and have been declined by Mr. R. N. Phillips, M.P. for Bury, father-in-law of Mr. Trevelyan, and by Mr. Watts, R.A. Professor Huxley receives a substantial recognition of his services to science, in the form of a pension of 1,200*l.* a year, and, with failing health, will resign all the offices which he holds.

THE ONLY MEMBERS of the new Government whose return has been opposed are Lord Randolph Churchill, at Woodstock, the new Attorney-General, Mr. Webster, at Lauceston, and Mr. Ashmead Bartlett at Eye. On Tuesday the Attorney-General was returned by a majority of 43, and Mr. Ashmead Bartlett by one of 137, over the Liberal candidates, 791 electors voting at Lauceston, and 809 at Eye. At Woodstock the Liberal candidate was Mr. Corrie Grant, who acquired some note by an onslaught on the London Corporation, and he has been supported with great enthusiasm by the local Liberals. Lord Randolph Churchill did not think the opposition worth absenting himself from the India Office to cope with it personally, and left his interests to be cared for on the spot by Lady Randolph Churchill and by such friends as Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. The result cannot be known until after we have gone to press.

BARON FERDINAND DE ROTHSCHILD is a candidate, in the Liberal interest, for the seat at Aylesbury, vacant by the elevation of Baron N. de Rothschild to the Upper House. It is noticeable that in his address to the electors he expresses the opinion that every cottage occupier should be furnished with sufficient garden ground for his own cultivation.

AT THE DINNER OF THE EIGHTY CLUB, on Wednesday, Mr. Trevelyan made a rattling party speech, in which he affected to treat the change of Government as on the whole a matter of small importance, since the country was certain to pronounce against the new Ministry at the General Election.

AT A MEETING on Wednesday of the Mansion House Committee of the Fund to provide a National Memorial to Gordon, it was resolved, on the motion of the Prince of Wales, that the Memorial should be a Gordon Boys' Home, in which the camp idea is to be amalgamated with that of training for civil life. A scheme, in accordance with this resolution, was forthwith drawn up by a Sub-Committee appointed for the purpose. The inmates of the Gordon Boys' Home are to be trained for military or civil life according to their capabilities and inclinations.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION of a new set of dwellings for the poor at Hoxton on Wednesday, Sir Charles Dilke made the interesting announcement that Lord Salisbury would introduce into the House of Lords, and Mr. Balfour, or he himself, into the House of Commons, a bill embodying the recommendations of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes.

A MEETING TO PROMOTE THE OBJECTS of the Small Farm and Labourers' Association, of which Lord Thurlow is the Chairman, was held at the Mansion House on Tuesday. The Lord Mayor presided, and the attendance included well known members of both political parties. Mr. George Russell gave an interesting account of the general prosperity of some thirty-five labourers who, a quarter of a century ago, purchased holdings, for the most part of five acres each, in the vicinity of the New Forest, and had cultivated them themselves. Sir R. Lloyd-Lindsay, supporting a resolution, said that the land was going to waste for want of labour being employed, and the labourers were going to waste for want of employment on the land, a state of things which the Association aimed at remedying.

LORD SPENCER UNVEILED, ON TUESDAY, at Barrow, amid a large concourse of spectators, Mr. A. B. Joy's bronze statue of the late Lord Frederick Cavendish. Lord Spencer made some touching reference to Lord Frederick's sad fate, and to his own early friendship for him, but abstained from any political allusions.

THE NEW LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, accompanied by Lady Carnarvon and Sir W. H. Dyke, his Chief Secretary, arrived in Dublin on Monday, and were warmly greeted by the crowd as they drove from the railway station to the Viceregal Lodge, it being the first occasion for three years on which an Irish Viceroy has driven through the streets of the Irish capital without a military or police escort.

THE ORATORS AND ORGANS OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE are giving anything but a cordial response to the announcement that Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke intend to visit Ireland to investigate its wants in the matter of local self-government. Addressing a large gathering of Nationalists at Clonakilty, Mr. Deasy, M.P., said that the Irish people would not be content with any system of self-government short of a national legislature. He pronounced Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke to be as great hypocrites as ever were members of an English Government. Lord Spencer had the courage to brazen out his crimes, but these men would not do so. Their real object was to conciliate the Irish electors in England by renewing pledges which they had broken, and would break again if they could.

IN JULY AND AUGUST, 8,000 Volunteers from various parts of England will be encamped for eight days at Aldershot, and will be associated with Regular troops in manoeuvres. This is the largest number of Volunteers concentrated at Aldershot.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his sixty-seventh year, of Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, for some time Under Secretary of State in the late Lord Derby's second administration of 1858-59, afterwards Governor of Bombay, 1867-72, and in 1875, when he retired from the representation of Horsham, appointed Chief Commissioner of Charities for England; in his sixty-seventh year, of Sir Adolphus Liddell, permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department since 1867, and uncle of the present Lord Ravenscourt; in his seventy-first year, of Sir J. Sibbald Scott, Bart., author of a work on "The British Army: Its Origin, Progress, and Equipment;" in his sixty-seventh year, of General Conolly, formerly Assistant Quartermaster-General at Aldershot, and Military Attaché at Frankfurt, Vienna, and Paris successively; in his forty-third year, of Captain Henry Coventry, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, well-known on the Turf as a gentleman rider; in his eighty-eighth year, of Mr. Thomas Dobson, formerly Joint-Secretary of the Board of Inland Revenue; of Mr. John Syer of Bristol, the well-known landscape-painter; and, in his seventy-eighth year, of Mr. James Kitson, senior, long a prominent citizen of Leeds, of which town he had been Mayor, and early in life a zealous promoter of its working-class organisations for self-help, founder of the Monkbridge Iron Works and Airedale Locomotive Works.



MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—Goring Thomas's Opera, *Nadeshda*, has already won public favour. It has been arranged in a variety of forms, and some of the most tuneful melodies are already to be heard on the street organs, an undeniable proof of their popularity. We have before us the very pretty duet for soprano and tenor, "Dear Love of Mine," published in E flat, and in F also; "As when the Snow Drift," the favourite soprano song of the opera, which will be encored whenever and wherever it is sung; and "Our Sires were Stout and Brave," a merry drinking song. Miles B. Foster has arranged the entire opera as a pianoforte solo with his usual skill and taste. W. Kuhe has composed a fantasia on the principal airs from *Nadeshda*. A very good drawing-room piece, "Russian Dance," from the same, has been brilliantly arranged by Leonhard Emil Bach; and lastly, G. Lamothe has adapted the most popular melodies in "The Nadeshda Waltz."—"I Dare You to Forget," is the somewhat defiant title of a drawing-room ballad written and composed by "Claribel" and Stephen Adams, published in three keys.—Of the same type, but more domestic in its style, is "An Old Garden," poetry by Helen M. Burnside, music by Hope Temple.—"Going to Market Polka" is adapted from Louis Diehl's popular song of that name.

MESSRS. FIELD AND TIER, THE LEADENHALL PRESS.—Very much out of the ordinary groove is an artistically got-up volume, entitled "Songs of the North," gathered together from the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland. This very elegant book is edited by A. C. Macleod and Harold Boulton, the music arranged by Malcolm Lawson. The illustrations are unique in their way, twenty-one in number; they comprise examples of Burne-Jones, Charles Keene, E. W. Macbeth, Cecil Lawson, Herbert Schmalz, John Pettie, J. Mac Whirter, J. McNeil Whistler, and other eminent artists. In the preface the editors give in a few words the plan of this complete collection: "The chief object in view has been to gather together in an agreeable and singable form a collection of Scottish and Highland Songs, not familiar for the most part to the many enthusiastic admirers of the minstrelsy of Scotland. That there should be any nicety of time, place, or motive in this selection thus made the very nature of the subject precludes. A certain proportion of the songs, notably some of the Highland ones, are here written down, it is believed, for the first time, and their presence is due to the good fortune of one or other of the editors in meeting with them among friends in different parts of Scotland." We can cordially commend this elegantly got-up volume to the attention of our readers.

MESSRS. ASCHERBERG AND CO.—A serenade for a pure tenor voice, owned by a singer who knows how to use it, is "Tell Her," written and composed by Edwin Arnold and Marie Antoinette Kingston; the melody is so taking that hearers will find themselves humming it, *bouche fermée*, at all sorts of odd moments, not always the most opportune.—In days of yore Samuel Lover wrote and composed "The Angel's Whisper," a song noteworthy for the sweet simplicity of both words and music. Eugene Artôt has set the words in an elaborate style, which, by the rising generation, will be pronounced charming, but those who know the original setting will not care for it in its present more brilliant guise.—A pretty little song for a youthful *débütante* is "Cinderella," words by Herbert Harraden, music by Ethel Harraden; it is published in D and in F.—A neatly written pianoforte piece by Mabel Bourne is "Atalanta," a "gavotte and musette."



TRICYCLES ARE FORBIDDEN IN THE BERLIN STREETS, the police ordinances deciding that the machine is a velocipede, and so is prohibited.

THE COUNCIL OF THE INVENTORIES have refused to open the Exhibition on certain Sundays during the summer, as requested by the Sunday Society.

ATHENS will be the next capital to hold an International Exhibition. A patriotic Greek has lately bequeathed the necessary funds, and the display will take place in 1887.

A PENCIL WALKING-STICK has been sent to Mr. Gladstone from Cumberland. It is a cedar cane, thirty-four inches long, with half-an-inch of Borrowdale lead running throughout.

CREMATION IN PARIS will soon be available for the general public, at the small cost of 12*s.* for each operation. An experimental furnace is being constructed at Père-la-Chaise on the principle of the crematories at Rome and Milan.

A BUDDHIST TEMPLE is to be established in Vienna. So large a Japanese colony resides in the Austrian capital that the members feel deeply being unable to bury their dead with fitting ceremonies. All the decorations and furniture of the temple will be sent from Japan.

A "JOHN BROWN SCAFFOLD COMPANY" is the latest curiosity across the Atlantic. This cheerful Society has bought the scaffold on which the famous Abolitionist was hanged at Charlestown, and intends to manufacture the wood into relics, which it expects will be eagerly purchased.

DROMEDARY RACES have been tried in Vienna, greatly to the disadvantage of the "Ship of the Desert." Though well-trained animals from the Soudan, the African beasts were effectually beaten, first by fast one-horse gigs, then by cabs and country carts, and, lastly, by bicyclists.

HIGHLAND CATTLE are being successfully acclimatised in Manitoba. A fine herd of seventy-five beasts from the Western Highlands were imported two years ago, and have passed safely through the severe winter, remaining out of doors without special feeding. They are said to be hardy, and in fair condition.

A STATUE OF THE QUEEN is to be executed by Count Gleichen for the Holloway College for Women at Egham, shortly to be opened, while the Count will also contribute busts of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Holloway Sanatorium, in memory of the recent inauguration of the institution by the Prince and Princess.

SNOW IN SWITZERLAND has been unusually plentiful this spring and summer. So severe a May had not been known for forty years; and, in the cantons bordering the Boden See, the contrast of the snow lying thick on the lower slopes of the mountains with the snowy blossoms of the fruit-trees along the roads, and the meadows bright with flowers, was very striking. Indeed snow has fallen heavily round Lucerne even so late as last week, when Pilatus was covered by a white mantle extending almost down to the valley.

OFFICIAL DIGNITY is still so severely maintained in Germany, that the Director of a Pomeranian Court recently issued a stern rebuke to those subordinates who did not show sufficient respect to their superiors when encountering them in the streets. He requested them to observe the following regulation: "Every official who meets the Director or one of the Judges is expected to pass him or them on the right, and on approaching them within two steps, will make a bow, and take off his hat down to the level of the knee."

THE TASTE FOR HORRORS is very strongly developed just now in Paris, where the recent sensational murder trials have been attended by crowds of the upper classes, as assiduously as the gala performances at the Français and the Opera, or a reception at the Académie. At the trial of Marchandon, this week, ladies fought and struggled for the best places, coming early, and waiting *en queue* at the doors, decked out in their most elaborate toilettes. Now, also, the crimes of the poisoner Pel are to form the theme of a thrilling drama, *L'empoisonneur*.

THE BIBLICAL MSS. brought home from Egypt by the Austrian Archduke Rainer, and to which we alluded last week, prove to be of great interest to the student of sacred history. They come from the archives of El Fayoum—destroyed about 963—and are in company with masses of manuscripts dealing with Egyptian political and social life, historical writings on the prophet Mahomet, Hebrew hymns, &c., dating from the first to the tenth century, and couched in eleven different languages. Hitherto it was believed that only two papyri with Scriptural texts existed—the papyrus Psalms in the British Museum, and the scraps of St. Paul's Epistles owned by a Russian Bishop at Kieff; but the present fragments include portions of Genesis, Isaiah, and the four Evangelists in Greek, part of a Coptic translation of the Bible, and of the book of Ruth in Saidian dialect. The papyri have been flattened out and mounted between sheets of plate glass, showing both sides, and are to be exhibited in the Vienna Museum.

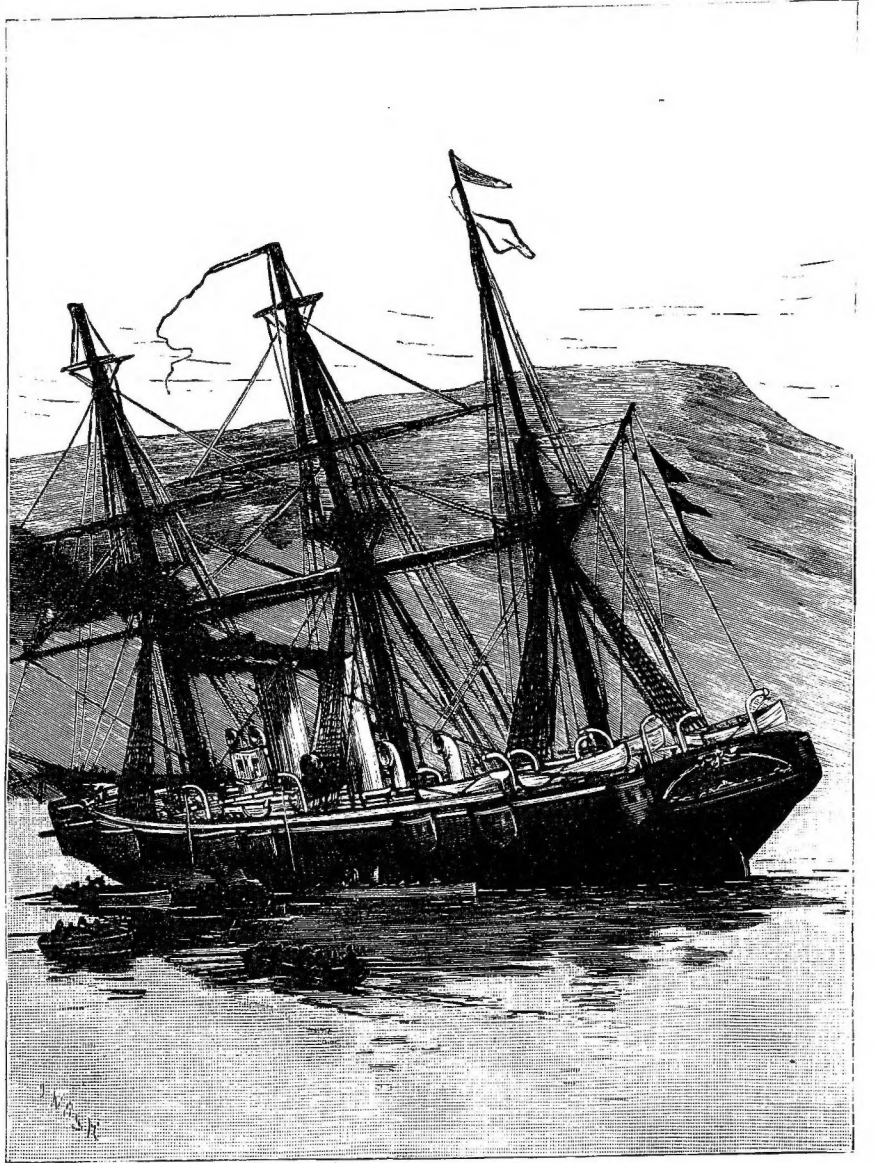
THE ALPINE SEASON, now just beginning, makes the Swiss flower enthusiasts dread the arrival of tourists eager to tear up mountain-blossoms, and to encourage the peasants to break the regulations against uprooting edelweiss, &c. Within the last thirty years the Alpine flora has grievously deteriorated, owing to the tourist demand for floral relics, and many parts of the mountains are fairly devastated every summer that their products may be sold cheaply in the town markets. The Society for the Protection of Alpine Plants have established, therefore, a "Jardin d'Acclimatation" at Plainpalais, Geneva, where the rare flora are carefully cultivated, to avoid the species dying out, and to furnish sufficient for the market, so that the mountains may be left in peace. The edelweiss has been very successfully raised in a light bed of sand, bracken, and leaf-mould among limestone, this stone giving the pure white appearance of the plant so much prized. Seed is sown late in the autumn, and the pots are kept dark and dry until March, when they are exposed freely to light and rain.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased during the last two weeks, when the deaths numbered respectively 1,284 and 1,279, a decline of 31 and 5, and being 164 and 289 below the average, while the death-rate fell to 16.4 and 16.3 per 1,000; the latter number being lower than in any week since last September. There were 21 and 13 deaths from small-pox (a decrease of 2 and 8), 95 and 90 from measles (a decline of 3 and 5), 42 and 46 from whooping-cough (a rise of 3 and 4), 24 and 44 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 1 and 20), 16 and 14 from diphtheria (a decrease of 1 and 2), 6 and 11 from enteric fever (a rise of 2 and 5), 3 and 2 from simple cholera (a rise of 1 and fall of 1), and 2 from typhus in the last week only. The fatal cases of diseases referring to the respiratory organs, last week, fell from 196 to 183, and were 42 below the average; 39 deaths occurred from violence, of which 33 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,375 and 2,419 births registered, a decline of 89 and increase of 44 respectively, and 266 and 260 below the average. The mean temperature was 58.7 deg., and 58.3 deg., respectively 1 deg. and 3.2 deg. below the average, while there were 41.8 and 35.2 hours of bright sunshine.

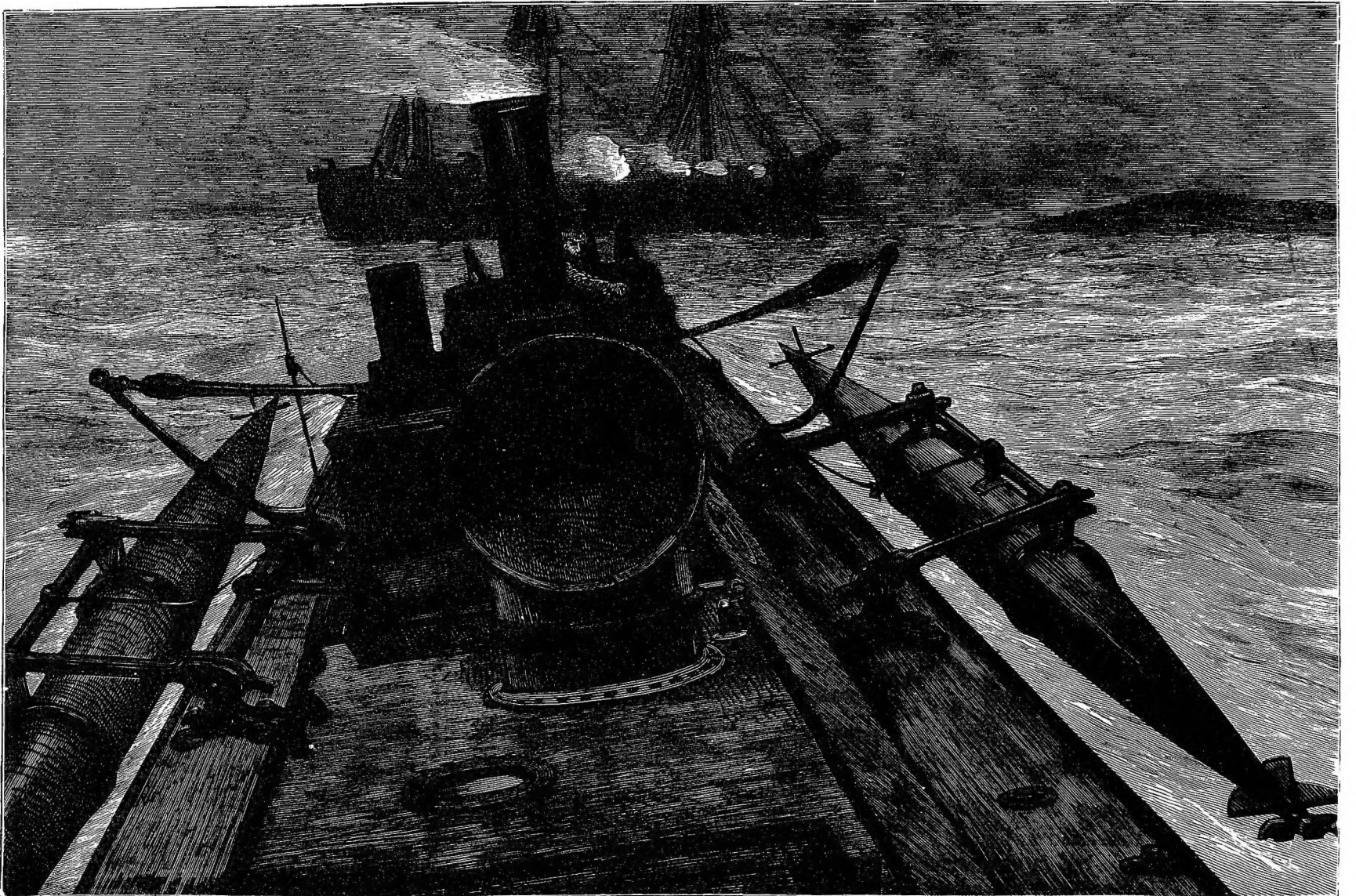




LIEUTENANTS HALL AND THOMAS, OF THE "SULTAN," SOWING A TORPEDO FIELD

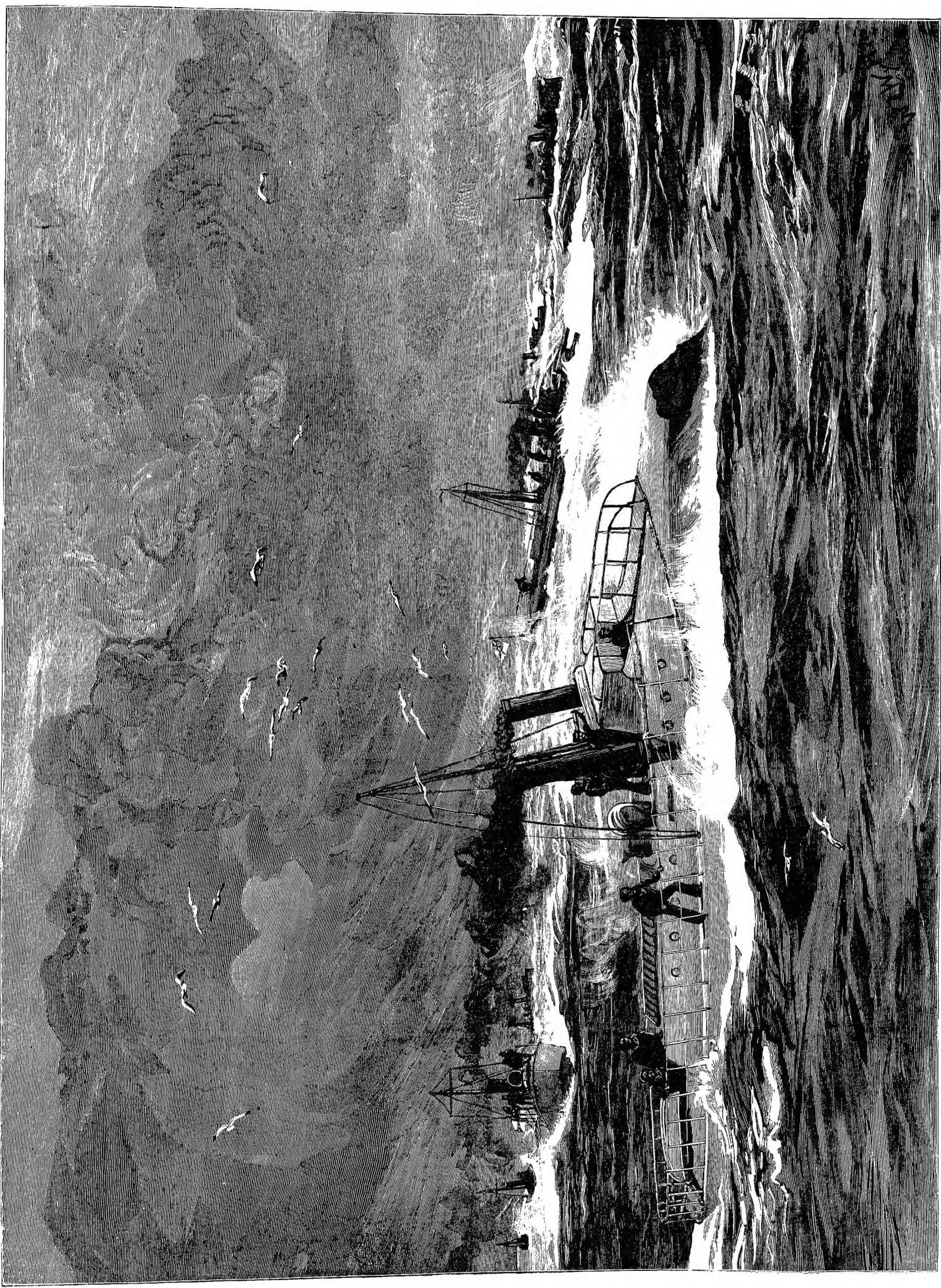


THE ACCIDENT TO THE "LEANDER"—HER APPEARANCE NEXT MORNING



THE ATTACK AND CAPTURE OF THE "CONQUEST" BY LIEUTENANT KNIGHT, OF THE "SULTAN," IN A SECOND-CLASS TORPEDO BOAT  
THE PARTICULAR SERVICE SQUADRON IN BANTRY BAY, IRELAND  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS





THE PARTICULAR SERVICE SQUADRON IN BANTRY BAY, IRELAND—THE TORPEDO FLEET IN A GALE  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS





CONTINENTAL politics have been some somewhat dull this week. Thus, their own domestic affairs being comparatively uneventful, foreign nations still actively discuss England and her future treatment of international questions—and of EGYPT in particular. They consider Sir H. Drummond Wolff's mission as a proof of a fresh departure in the matter, more especially as it is now authoritatively asserted that for the present the province of old Dongola will be held as far as Akasheh; and AUSTRIA especially approves the prospect of more energetic action. FRANCE, on the other hand, hopes for the British evacuation of the Khedive's dominions. French Anglophobes meanwhile eagerly seize upon the report of the death of Olivier Pain—the Communist journalist who essayed to join the Mahdi—as an opportunity for the most violent diatribes against the English. M. Rochefort and his friends vehemently accuse Lord Wolseley and the British authorities in Egypt of assassinating M. Pain, who could, say they, have told too many unpleasant truths respecting British dilatoriness and crimes in the Soudan; but their statements are very generally condemned by moderate writers, who blame any efforts to stir up bad feeling with England at the present juncture. M. de Freycinet, also, in his circular to the Powers summarising the results of the late Suez Canal Conference, glosses over the differences between England and her neighbour on this subject, and asks for an exchange of views, in order to arrive at a complete understanding of the "small number of points which still cause some difficulties." The Canal itself, by the way, is once more open, thanks to the partial demolition of the sunken dredger. Of other Egyptian news proper there is little enough, save regarding movements of troops, the Guards being ordered to Cyprus, probably owing to the rapidly increasing temperature. Now that the English are safely away from Dongola, Arabs are beginning to raid in the neighbourhood, while the important Shagiyeh tribe have submitted to the Mahdi. It is looked upon as a hopeful sign, however, that natives flocked to the *levée* held by the Khedive on the anniversary of his accession, and which was the most largely attended of his reign.

To return to FRANCE, preparation for the elections absorbs most politicians. For the most part the general public are unusually indifferent, as, under the present reign of mediocrities, there is no great political leader to excite enthusiasm. M. Clémenceau has grasped but a very small corner of Gambetta's mantle, while the country has not yet forgiven M. Ferry. The usual official pressure is not applied, for the Brisson Cabinet feels itself a mere stopgap, and the different Parliamentary groups are so divided that they find it difficult to frame their manifestoes. The Socialists, however, have issued a most sweeping Abolitionist programme, proposing to demolish the Presidency, Senate, the Public Debt, a standing army, and most of the present institutions. Eager for summer holidays the Chamber is hurrying through the Bills, and has elected a committee in favour of ratifying the Franco-Chinese Treaty at once, so that even Chinese affairs have subsided into quietude. General de Courcy, the commander of the army in Tonkin, has gone to Hué on a diplomatic mission to the King, and the French forces seem in very unsatisfactory health. Those troops returned to Marseilles, too, are being fairly decimated with typhoid fever. Perhaps the most important subject in France, however, is the grave industrial situation at Lyons, which has been gradually going from bad to worse for over a year. Masters and men cannot agree on the tariff of wages, and the weavers threaten to strike—a step likely to prove fatal to the Lyons industry which competition has so sorely injured of late.

PARIS was visited by a most violent thunderstorm on Sunday night, when lightning injured several persons and buildings, and torrential rain flooded the streets. An affluent joining the Seine near Notre Dame overflowed, and broke down the quay for some distance, carrying off a number of people who had sheltered under a neighbouring bridge, though happily all were rescued. Still considerable damage was done, and the storm extended through several of the provinces, injuring the crops by hail. The Parisians have been enjoying a batch of sensational trials, one of an indignant husband who shot his rival, and has been acquitted, and another of the rascally man-servant, Marchandon, who murdered his mistress. Marchandon has been sentenced to death, and the prison of La Roquette is now crowded with condemned murderers, whose execution is long delayed under the present clement régime. Paris will have an underground railway before long, the Bill for its construction having been laid before the House.

The rumours of a rising in AFGHANISTAN have aroused much excitement in RUSSIA and INDIA. It has been stated that Ishak Khan, the Governor of Afghan Turkestan, has risen against the Ameer, and seized a vast amount of treasure, Russian agents abetting the rebellion, but as yet the reports are not confirmed. There can be no doubt, however, that the whole of this district is in a most disturbed state. The Russians, on their side, grow very impatient at the delay in the negotiations with England, and meanwhile work steadily at their Central Asian defences. Crowds of labourers are busy on the Transcaspian railway, telegraph offices have been opened to the front, fresh troops sent to Sarakhs, and a bridge built over the Murghab. These warlike preparations are anxiously watched in India, where the prospects of war with Russia still affect the finances, for though the expenditure on military preparations has now been curtailed, the extra outlay has swelled the already large deficit in the Budget. The Indian Press warmly discuss Lord Randolph Churchill's appointment, and while most influential European journals approve of the new Indian Secretary, a few dread his youth and inexperience. Among the native journals opinion is mainly favourable to the nomination. The earthquakes in Cashmere seem to have spent their main energy, though slight shocks are still felt.

GERMANY is very anxious about her Emperor. Though all disquieting rumours of his health are systematically contradicted by official sources, His Majesty has only just begun to walk and to give his usual dinner parties at Ems, and is by no means seen so freely in public as in former years. It is thought, however, that the "cure" is really doing him good, though the improvement is slow, and he will probably not go to Gastein so soon as intended. Like their neighbours over the French border the Germans are deep in electoral strife, which promises to produce three distinct political camps by forming an Opportunist body out of malcontents from the Liberal and Conservative sides. One prominent politician, the famous Jew-baiter, Court Pastor Stöcker, has got into sore trouble during the struggle, and has been found guilty of perjury, and of using for election manoeuvres money received for charitable purposes. What space they can spare from the electoral conflict the press still devote to England, and Prince Bismarck's diplomatic organ, the *Voss*, has published two very significant articles on the importance and power of the British Empire. The masters of the British fishing smacks recently taken in prohibited German waters have been sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment (dating from their arrest). The Berlin masons are on strike, and demand wages of 5*d*. an hour, and a work-

ing day of ten hours. The decision of the Brunswick Diet respecting the Duke of Cumberland's succession has been made secretly, but it is well known that the Diet have pronounced against the Duke's claim—though unmistakably legal—as incompatible with the internal peace and security of the Empire. The Federal Council will now finally settle the matter, and to all appearances the Duke will thus lose a second throne. Letters were read during the discussion in the Diet from the Duke of Cambridge respecting his claim to the succession. The Duke finally closed the correspondence, while guarding his rights as a near relative on the father's side.

The cholera in SPAIN continues very severe, and attacks fresh districts, notwithstanding all efforts to limit the area of infection. Though the King has not been allowed to go, the Premier and Home Secretary have visited Murcia to distribute relief—sorely needed indeed, for both the Murcian capital and province are in a miserable state of distress and fear. Many of the officials, besides Sisters of Charity and priests, have fallen at their posts. Happily the epidemic now shows signs of decrease in this district, and the virulence of the disease seems transferred to Aranjuez, near enough to seriously alarm the Madrilenos. It is rather difficult to ascertain the truth respecting the epidemic at Madrid, for while some statements assert that the public health is excellent, another source reports twenty fresh cases on Tuesday. Considerable sanitary precautions are taken in the capital, and a camp has been formed outside the city to receive fugitives from the infected area.

Rather an awkward diplomatic dilemma has occurred in AUSTRIA. The United States appointed as envoy Mr. Kelley, who was refused by the Italian Government on account of his strong Papal tendencies, and the Viennese Cabinet accordingly objected to receive him. Ultimately the appointment was withdrawn, probably much to the regret of the Austrian clergy, who are so impressed with the growth of unbelief and secularism that the Bishops have issued a joint Pastoral letter to faithful Catholics urging them to remain firm, and to avoid such temptations as Freemasonry, Sunday desecration, and the poison of the wicked daily press. Four days' violent thunderstorms have done much injury in Hungary, several lives being lost.

CANADA now begins to count the cost of her late rebellion in the North-West Provinces, and is considering whether Government help should be afforded to those settlers who lost houses and crops during the rising. As extra vigilance will be needed on the border for some time to come, the North-West Mounted Police Force will be doubled. Public opinion strongly protests against the temporary settlement of the fisheries arrangement with the UNITED STATES, whereby, while each country now imposes duty on the imports of fish and fish oils, Americans are allowed to fish in Canadian waters, though the Canadians obtain no return privilege. The Canadian Premier explains that this concession is made with a view of obtaining a Reciprocity Treaty, but the Dominion fishermen threaten to expel forcibly any Americans venturing on their grounds. The United States themselves are troubled by the failure of the wheat crop, which is absolutely unparalleled. Two important trials have taken place. President Fish, the well-known head of the Marine Bank, has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for frauds connected with the firm of Grant and Ward; while Lucilla Dudley, the Englishwoman who shot O'Donovan Rossa, has been acquitted on the plea of insanity. Recently she has become very strange and violent in prison, through failing health from the anxiety and confinement, say her friends, though it is shrewdly suspected that her late conduct was planned with the view of setting up the defence successfully advanced. She herself strenuously denied her insanity at the trial, but acted in a most wild and excited manner throughout.

Among MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, RUSSIA has hanged another Nihilist, and finds her subjects very reluctant to take up military service. Over 50 per cent. of the Jews evaded the law at the last conscription, while many of the sectarians starved themselves to reduce the size of their chest below the regulation measurement. MEXICO is in grave financial straits. The country is so poor that scarcely any funds are forthcoming to meet the annual outlay of 39 millions, though retrenchment is universal, from President Diaz's salary downwards. Banks have stopped discounting, and the Government has decided to fund the present claims of its creditors into a loan of 25 millions, redeemable in twenty years,—much to the general consternation. It is also proposed to consolidate the entire debt, with interest rising from 1 to 3 per cent.—In CENTRAL AMERICA matters are so bad that the American Admiral Jouett declares that there is no possibility of settling the difficulties on the Panama isthmus, and that hostilities must continue indefinitely.



THE QUEEN held a Council at Windsor Castle on Saturday, when various members of the new Government were sworn in as Privy Counsellors, and several freshly-appointed officers of the Royal Household took the oaths of office. Previously Her Majesty had received the different State officers of her Household to deliver up their insignia of office, which the Queen then presented to their successors. Her Majesty also gave audience to the new British Minister at Copenhagen. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne who had been staying at the Castle, left on Saturday, and in the evening the Queen with Princess Beatrice and Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, went to Windsor Station to meet the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Sunday was the forty-seventh anniversary of the Queen's coronation, which took place a year after Her Majesty's accession. The Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where Canon Fleming preached, and Princess Christian visited the Royal party, while in the evening Captain and the Hon. Mrs. A. Egerton, Sir H. Ponsonby, and the Dean of Windsor dined with Her Majesty. On Monday the Duke and Duchess of Connaught came up to town for the day, and the Duchess of Albany arrived on a visit. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters spent Tuesday with the Queen, and accompanied Her Majesty with Prince and Princess Christian, Princesses Louise and Beatrice, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Duchess of Albany to the Albert Memorial Chapel, where the Royal party viewed the marble sarcophagus to which the Duke of Albany's remains have been definitively removed from the crypt below, a brief service being performed. The Duc d'Aumale lunched at Windsor on Wednesday, when Lord and Lady Salisbury, Sir P. Lumsden, and Sir R. Cross dined with the Queen. Probably Her Majesty may spend a short time in town before going to Osborne on the 16th to prepare for the Princess Beatrice's wedding. The Princess has been presented with a handsome mirror in gold filagree frame by the St. John's Ambulance Association, and will shortly receive the grand piano given by the Kensington ladies, and a cream silk panel from the Royal Tapestry Works, Windsor.

The Prince and Princess of Wales on Sunday attended Divine Service, and on Monday the Prince and Princess with their two sons and Princess Louise visited the City for Prince Albert Victor to take up the Freedom of the City of London, afterwards luncheon with the Mayor and Corporation. Subsequently the

Prince of Wales went to the Grosvenor Gallery, and Princes Albert Victor and George to the Oxford and Cambridge Cricket Match, while in the evening the Duc d'Aumale dined with the Prince and Princess, and accompanied the Royal party to the French Plays. On Wednesday the Prince was present at the Mansion House meeting of the Gordon Memorial Committee. Last (Friday) night the Prince and Princess with their sons and eldest daughter would attend the State Concert, and to-day the Prince opens the Albany Memorial Buildings of the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, and the new buildings of the Birkbeck Institution. Prince Albert Victor on Tuesday visited Sheffield, dining with the Mayor, and sleeping at the Duke of Norfolk's house, "The Farm." Next day he opened the Cutlers' Industrial Exhibition, and lunched with the Master Cutler, going thence to stay with Lord Yarmouth at Brockley-by, in order to open the new promenade at Cleethorpes on Thursday.



THE OPERA.—Very few words are necessary concerning the Patti performances at Covent Garden. Rosina, in *Il Barbiere*, is one of the most familiar of the artist's impersonations. How many people were on Saturday attracted by "Home, Sweet Home," which was introduced in the lesson scene, cannot be determined. After she had sung Bishop's melody, Signor Arditi handed the *prima donna* a bouquet, three feet in diameter, of red roses, with the word "Patti" in white roses. On Tuesday Madame Patti was to have repeated her equally well-known performance of Marguerite in *Faust*, but the great artist, for the second time in one season, was indisposed (a "double event" without precedent we believe in her career), and instead, the new Russian soprano, Mdle. Fohström, was hurriedly asked to sing in *Lucia*. The young lady was warmly applauded for her courage, but under the circumstances it has justly been suggested that criticism should be reserved till her second appearance, of which we must write next week.—At the French Opera, now in progress at the Gaiety, the projected revival of Gounod's *Mireille* has been abandoned. The "season" will therefore be limited to representations of *Lakmé* and *Mignon*.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—There is again some hope that M. Gounod may, after all, conduct his oratorio, *Mors et Vita*, at the Birmingham Festival, as he has been threatened with an action for damages unless he fulfils his contract. The two other principal Festival works have now been delivered. Dr. Villiers Stanford's oratorio, *The Three Holy Children*, opens with a setting of the Psalm, "By the Waters of Babylon," and great dramatic effects are attempted in the contrasts between the savageness of the Assyrian soldiery and the calm demeanour of the Hebrews, who refuse to sing the songs of Zion in a strange land. The second part illustrates the temptation of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and the scene of the fiery furnace. The oratorio ends with a full setting of the canticle, *Benedicite Omnia Opera*, from our Prayer Book.—Herr Dvorák's new cantata, *The Spectre's Bride*, is founded on a fantastic Bohemian legend. The maiden whose lover is dead prays to the Madonna that he may be restored. Forthwith, by a miracle he steps out of the Virgin's picture, and once on the road, proceeds to despoil her of her cross, her rosary, and her Prayer Book. At the churchyard she escapes to a charnel house, and is there imprisoned till dawn. In vain does the diabolical spectre outside call upon a corpse inside the dead-house to arise and unholt the door. At cockcrow the villagers find an empty grave, wedding garments strewn on the ground, and the maiden dead. Full preparations have now been made for the Festival, which will take place next month.

CONCERTS, &c.—The most interesting event of the week has been the *debut* of Mdle. Antoinette Trebelli, daughter of the popular operatic mezzo-soprano. The young lady is engaged for the Paris Opéra Comique, but her mother desired she should make a first appearance in London. Accordingly she sang at Mr. Kuhe's concert on Monday. Mdle. Antoinette Trebelli has a light soprano voice, somewhat hard, and not yet fully developed in the upper, but of beautifully pure and sympathetic quality in the middle and lower registers. That she has been admirably trained by her mother may be taken for granted, and she boasts, to a high degree, that easy, and as a distinguished critic once called it, "velvety" style which Madame Trebelli possesses. We think, however, it is a mistake to force an immature organ to execute the vocal fireworks in which the young artist indulged, in such pieces as Massé's variations on "The Carnival of Venice," and M. Ambroise Thomas's "Tarantella." Mdle. Trebelli was heard indeed to far better advantage in the part she undertook with her mother in the duet from *Mefistofele*. Nevertheless, the lady is only twenty-one, and is full of promise. Madame Rose Hersee, Miss Ehrenberg, Madame Sterling, Madame Néruda, and others appeared, but Mr. Sims Reeves was announced to be suffering from hay fever.—At the last Henry Leslie Concert several familiar works were sung, notably Schubert's 23rd and Mendelssohn's 43rd Psalms.—Mr. Cusins gave a concert on Wednesday, when he played several piano solos by Chopin, Schumann, and others, and was assisted by Mesdames Albani and Scalchi, Messrs. Herbert Reeves and Lloyd. Mr. Sims Reeves was still suffering from hay fever, and was unable to appear. Some of the songs were accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Lytton, and Miss Santley.—On Wednesday the first of a series of ancient music concerts was given in the Music Room of the Inventions Exhibition by several pupils from the Brussels Conservatoire. Some viol da gamba music by Boccherini and Tartini was played upon this now obsolete instrument, accompanied by a 16th century regal, and a more modern harpsichord. An attempt was also made to give some idea of the music of the Band of Lasquenets, who flourished about the time of the Peace of Cambrai—early in the sixteenth century.—Among upwards of forty concerts of various sorts given during the week may be mentioned the recitals given by the clever pianist, Mdle. Luzziani, by Signorina Cognetti, a promising pupil of Liszt, by Mdme. Frickenhaus,—at which some excellent chamber music was performed—by Mdle. Avigliana vocalist, Mr. Harvey Löhr, Mr. Abercrombie, Herr Sternitzkie, Miss Daugars, Mr. Isidore de Lara, M. Ganz, Herr Bernhardt, Mdle. Enstrom, Miss Edwards, Mr. F. Knight, and others.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—The total attendance at the Handel Festival was 85,474 persons—with the exception of the Festival of 1883, the highest on record. It only now remains to write of the singularly fine performance of *Israel in Egypt*, which even at these monster gatherings has rarely or never been heard to greater effect. The "Hailstones" was, as usual, encored, and the series of choruses illustrating the Plagues of Egypt created their now familiar impression. The special feature of the second part was the magnificent delivery by Mr. Lloyd of "The Enemy said." The important part played in the organisation and direction of the festival by Mr. Manns was recognised, after the final performance, by the enthusiastic cheers of a vast audience.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The usual classical nights at the Promenade Concerts will this season be abandoned. Instead a second band will probably play in the Floral Hall. The concerts will



begin on the 8th prox.—It is reported from Paris that Her Majesty's Theatre has been leased by a capitalist, who proposes next winter to give performances of Italian opera, allied with ballet, on the old model. No details are known here.—The marriage of Miss Nevada to her agent, Mr. Palmer, is announced to take place in October.—The marriages are announced of Mr. Ben Davies and Miss Clara Perry, both late of the Carl Rosa company; and of Mr. Chiley, the well-known tenor, to Miss C. Burton.—M. Anton Rubinstein has, it is said, just finished a new "operatorio," entitled *Moses*.—The will of the late Brinley Richards was proved last week. The personality exceeded 4400*l*.—Madame Valleria caught a violent cold at the Handel Festival. A few days rest at her husband's country seat will, however, it is hoped, soon restore this popular vocalist to health.



PRESIDING AT THE TENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Canterbury, held in Lambeth Palace, Archbishop Benson spoke at some length on the position, prospects, and duties of the Church and Churchmen, commenting on the extension of the lay element in that conference and in ecclesiastical organisations generally. In the course of his address he remarked that the Church did not desire to enter into the political arena, significantly adding, however, that circumstances might compel her to do so, in which case she would suddenly find herself the strongest of political parties. But even then the Church party would never, as in other countries, become a Clerical party, since the clergy and the laity would be associated as throughout the history of the Church they had been associated. After the delivery of the Primate's address, Lord Brabazon read a paper, partly to explain the object of the London Diocesan Council for the Welfare of Young Men, in which he laid stress on the desirability of fostering all movements for the recreation of mind and body. A paper was also read by Canon B. Smith, on the advantages which had been derived from the establishment of a Young Men's Friendly Society on the lines of the Girls' Friendly Society.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON presided at the annual meeting this week of the London Diocesan Home Mission, and warmly supported its claims to public support. With an income of some 5,000*l*. a year, including 1,000*l*. or so received from the Bishop of London's Fund, it is now at work in twenty-eight districts, containing an aggregate population of 130,000, and its missionary staff consists of a clerical superintendent and thirty missionary clergymen.

AT THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Friends of the Clergy Corporation, which affords pensions to the widows and unmarried orphan daughters of clergymen of the Church of England, and temporary assistance to necessitous clergymen themselves, it was stated that applications of a pressing kind were continually before the Committee which the funds were unable to meet. It was also pointed out that whereas the incomes of a large proportion of the clergy are between 100*l*. and 150*l*., no provision is made by Church or State to aid them when temporarily or permanently disabled for duty by sickness or bodily infirmity.

DR. WORDSWORTH, the Bishop of the Scotch Episcopalians, in their Diocese of St. Andrew's has for many years been urging the desirability of such an approximation between the Established Churches of Scotland and England as would bring them "within the possibility of ecclesiastical communion." A hope of this kind, he intimates through the press, encouraged by recent utterances on both sides of the Tweed, has led him to sign a petition against the disestablishment of the Scottish Kirk.

EARLY IN THE WEEK the receipts for the Hospital Sunday Fund amounted to 28,000*l*.



WITH the exception of the open-air performances at Coombe House, the dramatic events of the last few days yield nothing of any great importance. Misfortune has so constantly attended on the projects of Lady Archibald Campbell and her associates of the company of "Pastoral Players," that there is special ground for congratulation on the beautiful weather of last Saturday afternoon. It was a lovely day snatched, as it were, out of the mouth of east winds with occasional cold showers; and the effect exhibited itself in the aspect of the rustic theatre, filled as it was with distinguished visitors, among whom were the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, who have we believe as yet missed none of these representations. Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* has long been the delight of poets and critics; but it has as little chance of finding its way in these days to the stage of any regular playhouse as Milton's *Comus* or Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens*. For the green turf of the beautiful grounds of Coombe House, however, it was the very thing. The beauties of its verse were not lost upon the refined audience assembled; nor do the sylvan and pastoral incidents in which its various personages are engaged fail altogether to enlist sympathy with the old poet's dream of the Golden Age in the fruitful vales of Thessaly. Lady Archibald Campbell's Perigot and the Amoret of the Princess Hellen of Kappurthala—who, though the daughter of an Indian potentate, speaks English with a perfect accent—were played with spirit and with a refined appreciation of the delicate rhythm of the verse; and the representation had the further advantage of exhibiting in Mrs. Lucy Roche and Mrs. George Batten respectively an admirable Cloe and Amarillis. Other parts were sustained by Lady E. Spencer Churchill, Mr. Elliot, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Wade, and Mr. Hindlos, besides whom there were numerous shepherds, shepherdesses, and satyrs who formed the chorus, and helped to give effect to the numerous picturesque incidents of the performance—such as the worship of Pan at the rustic altar, the Maypole dances, and the dances of satyrs holding hands under the trees. Music had been specially composed for the occasion by the Rev. A. Batson. Some regret was felt that the cleverest of all the amateur ladies who took part in the previous performance, namely, Mrs. Plowden and Miss Fulton, were absent from the bill. The former will be remembered as an enchanting Phoebe; the latter as incomparably the best representative of Audrey that this generation of playgoers has seen. The performance will be repeated this (Saturday) afternoon, as well as on Monday next.

THE OLYMPIC Theatre has re-opened under the management of Mr. Ward, with a revival of a rather old-fashioned but not ineffective melodrama of the old ADELPHI days, called *The Thirst for Gold*. The parts originally played by the late Madame Celeste fall to the share of Miss Ada Ward, an actress who enacts melodramatic heroines with force and picturesque effect.

The closing of the PRINCESS'S Theatre for the Summer vacation

will afford Mr. Wilson Barrett a little rest, which will presumptively be welcome. This indefatigable artist is not merely the leading actor and manager of the PRINCESS'S Theatre, but is also lessee and manager of the Grand Theatre, Leeds, the Grand Assembly Rooms in the same town, and the Theatre Royal, Hull, besides organising and equipping nine or ten travelling companies for the performance in the provinces of *The Lights of London*, *The Silver King*, *Claudian*, *The Romney Rye*, *The Old Love and the New*, and other popular pieces.

Mrs. Langtry's performances at the PRINCESS'S Theatre, which have been, we believe, more successful than any previous appearances in London of that popular lady, were brought to a close last night. On Monday next the theatre re-opens under the management, once more, of Mr. Edgar Bruce, who will produce Messrs. Carton and Raleigh's original farcical comedy, which, under the title of *The Great Pink Pearl*, was tried with such brilliant success at a recent *matinée*.

A new domestic drama, entitled *Whiter Than Snow*, written by Mr. Kenneth Lee, and brought out at a morning performance at the OPERA COMIQUE last week, proved to be a feeble and somewhat absurd production. Neither the play nor the acting calls for any detailed criticism.

It is now definitely settled that Messrs. Bashford and Russell will open their campaign at the HAYMARKET, in the closing week in September, with a version of *Dark Days*. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's farewell night, which is certain to awaken great interest in the play-going world, is fixed for Monday, the 20th inst.

### INTRODUCING THE LORD CHANCELLOR

ON Friday in last week the House of Lords had a sitting all to itself. It had not been advertised in the usual way, and it was only the vigilance of the reporters that saved it from oblivion. The House of Commons had met on the previous day, and adjourned till Monday next, a course which, it was generally understood, had been likewise adopted in the Lords. But the Peers had important business on hand, and were not to be debarred from carrying it out. On Thursday Sir Hardinge Giffard had been sworn in Lord Chancellor, and as such had presided over the sitting of the House held on the same evening. But the new Lord Chancellor was only a Knight. "Sir Hardinge Giffard, Knight," the Royal Commission, with great precision, designated him, reciting his name among the loftier titles of his fellow Commissioners. It seemed a curious position that a simple Knight should be able to take his place in any part of the House of Lords, much less upon the Woolsack.

It is true that in some minor matters the House of Lords is less exclusive in its treatment of strangers than is the House of Commons. In the Commons, unlike the Legislative Chambers in other civilised nations, even a uniformed messenger is not permitted to cross the Bar whilst the House is sitting. There is no sight more frequent than to behold a man in evening dress, with a gilt chain of office round his neck, stretching himself out from behind the Cross Benches in the endeavour to pass a note or telegram to a member sitting lower down. What would happen, supposing the audacious messenger were to cross the Bar and hand the letter in decent fashion, it is impossible to predict. Probably the British Constitution would topple to the ground. Assuredly the Sergeant-at-Arms would feel impelled to draw his sword and slay the intruder.

In this respect, as in some others, one is always delighted to note that the House of Lords is actuated by a fuller measure of common sense than the House of Commons. It, also, has its messengers who are privileged to enter the House upon the business of members. In the House of Commons there is in attendance behind the Speaker's chair a messenger so old and shrivelled that he might have served in the Long Parliament. He, by reason of his years and his old standing, presumes upon occasion to advance into the House as far as half-way up the Treasury Bench. It is always a relief to see him get safely back. There is the ever-present fear that he will some day be going a step too far. In the Lords, messengers come and go with letters, telegrams, and despatch-boxes, and nothing remarkable comes of it.

Therefore, to have a knight presiding in the House of Lords is not, after all, so strange a thing as to discover a Peer seated with his hat on amongst the members of the House of Commons. But this obviously could be only a temporary expedient, and the earliest opportunity was taken to swear in the new Lord Chancellor as a member of the illustrious body over whom he had by an odd chance come to preside. The opportunity was found on Friday. The scene was not quite so imposing as its importance would have justified. About a dozen Peers were present, the new Lord Chancellor's wife and daughter looking down from the loneliness of the gallery. "Sir Hardinge Giffard, Knight," presided over the ceremony, at the end of which he would appear as Baron Halsbury, "a Peer of these Realms." Lord Cranbrook undertook the duty of master of the ceremonies, and in sonorous voice made proclamation: "I have the honour to signify to the House that Her Majesty has been pleased to create the Right Honourable Sir Hardinge Stanley Giffard, Lord Chancellor of that part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland called Great Britain, a Peer of these Realms."

Then the Lord Chancellor hopped off the edge of the Woolsack, upon which he is learning to balance himself, and observing the precaution of taking with him the Purse and the Great Seal, left the House. But he was not long away, returning clad in the dingy red robe slashed with ermine with which it pleases the peers to disguise themselves on State occasions. When Sir Hardinge Giffard after long endeavour obtained a seat in the House of Commons, he mislaid the writ of his return, which was, after anxious search, found in his hat. Warned by experience, he had kept his eye upon the patent of his peerage, and bringing it in with him, he, dropping on bended knee, laid it upon the Throne. Taking it up again he carried it over to the table, where the Clerk read it aloud. Having subscribed the oath, then followed a little performance which would have greatly puzzled the stranger had he happened to be in the gallery. Two peers, walking on either side of him, led him to the lower end of the Barons' Bench, thus indicating his position as latest of the barons. Rising immediately, he was conducted to the upper end of the Earls' Bench, where he would sit by virtue of his Lord Chancellorship. Finally he was led to the Woolsack, and the House got to business; reading a third time the Evesham, Redditch, and Stratford-upon-Avon Junction Railway Bill, the Selby and Mid-Yorkshire Union Railway Bill, and other important measures.

As far as experience has tested the new Lord Chancellor's vocal powers in the House of Lords he is not likely to be such a success as was Lord Selborne. The late Lord Chancellor was one of the few peers who could make himself heard all over the House. Lord Halsbury may yet succeed in this most important respect. At present the promise is not great, though it is clearly too early to judge. When Sir Hardinge Giffard has got over the surprise of finding himself Baron Halsbury, Lord Chancellor, he may lift up his voice more successfully. In this respect members of the House of Commons look forward with fond expectation of Mr. Gibson's appearance in the House. They rather think the new Lord Chancellor of Ireland will astonish the peers, accustomed to hear each other mumble across the table or from remote back benches. Mr. Gibson used to address the House of Commons as if he desired to kill two birds with one stone, and was anxious that he might be overheard by his constituents on the banks of the Liffey. This was

occasionally inconvenient in the House of Commons. It will be most admirable in the House of Lords.

Both Houses meet again on Monday when the new Government, shaken down in their official places, will take charge of the business of both Houses. It is probable that there will at the outset, possibly throughout next week, be a full attendance of members. But after that, and in the absence of any striking indications of policy on the part of the new Government, they will fall away. There remains a considerable amount of ordinary routine business to be completed before the Session closes. Supply is in a backward state, but it is astonishing how, in the absence of obstruction, leeway is pulled up with Supply when the shadow of the prorogation hangs over the House. It is understood that the Conservative Government will not attempt to renew the Coercion Bill, and there is nothing else they need do to keep the House sitting many days beyond the end of July.



I.

MISS ROSA G. KINGSLEY'S paper in the *Century* on "George Eliot's County" is full of happy description of Warwickshire rural scenery and country life. The tone and colour of the earlier work of the author of "Adam Bede" were affected largely by the quiet background of nature and society which were hers before her London career opened. The quotations from George Eliot, taken together with the illustrations from Midland scenery in pen and pencil given by Miss Kingsley, supply a key to much in "The Mill on the Floss" and in "Felix Holt."—Mr. Joseph Hatton writes a biography and description of the death of his son under the title of "Frank Hatton in North Borneo." The story of a brief and honourable life, sadly terminated, is told with simplicity and pathos. The articles on events of the American Civil War continue to be well written, and are, as usual, admirably illustrated.

In the *North American Review* the Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst answers the question, "Is Christianity Declining?" As far as the United States are concerned, he gives an emphatic negative. His statistics seem to prove conclusively that in the last eighty-five years, despite the inrush into America of some of the lowest elements of European society, the power of Christianity, as represented by communicants, churches, and income for religious purposes, has developed enormously.—Mr. William Clarke, in "An English Imperialist Bubble," attacks with much animus the idea of "Imperial Federation." He first dismisses it as a chimera, and then hints terrible things of what the United States would do, if Canada entered into such a Federation. His article will bear perusal, as his point of view is not that of most writers in this country.

*Harper's* frontispiece is a well executed engraving from F. S. Church's charming painting of "Pandora;" Pandora is kneeling on the lid of the magic box, looking piteously at the ascending procession of escaping sprites.—"The Mohammadans in India" contains within the space of a magazine article much that it is well to know about the conquerors of India who preceded ourselves. The woodcuts of the masterpieces of Oriental architecture to be found at Delhi, and elsewhere in Northern India, enhance materially the value of this paper of Mr. Crawford's.—"The City of Buffalo," by Miss Jane M. Welch, is an interesting account of the present state and wonderfully rapid growth of a Transatlantic trade centre.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* has had the good fortune to secure as its opening article an address delivered by Mr. Henry Irving to the students of the Harvard University on "The Art of Acting." Mr. Irving's paper is largely a defence of the stage's usefulness in helping us to interpret aright the written words of our great dramatist. His address contains also some interesting personal reminiscences.—Mr. Comyns Carr, at the end of the magazine, writes "In Memoriam" a graceful eulogy of the late "Hugh Conway." Mr. Carr claims for the author of "Called Back" that he was possessed of keen humour, though this quality was not manifest in his first works.

Besides the serials in *Cornhill*, there is a very bright paper on "The Franconian Jura." This part of Europe is not so well known as it deserves to be, luckily perhaps, as thronging crowds of tourists scarcely add to the charm of a change to romantic scenery. The writer who describes Bamberg and Muggendorf has known how to make very present to the reader the picturesque valleys and castle-crowned hills. There is one magnificent feudal fortress now on sale for 10*l*. The last bargain in this way fell to an apothecary of Nürnberg for 7*l*. 10*s*.—"Mysterious Mrs. Wilkinson" is the title of an amusing short story.

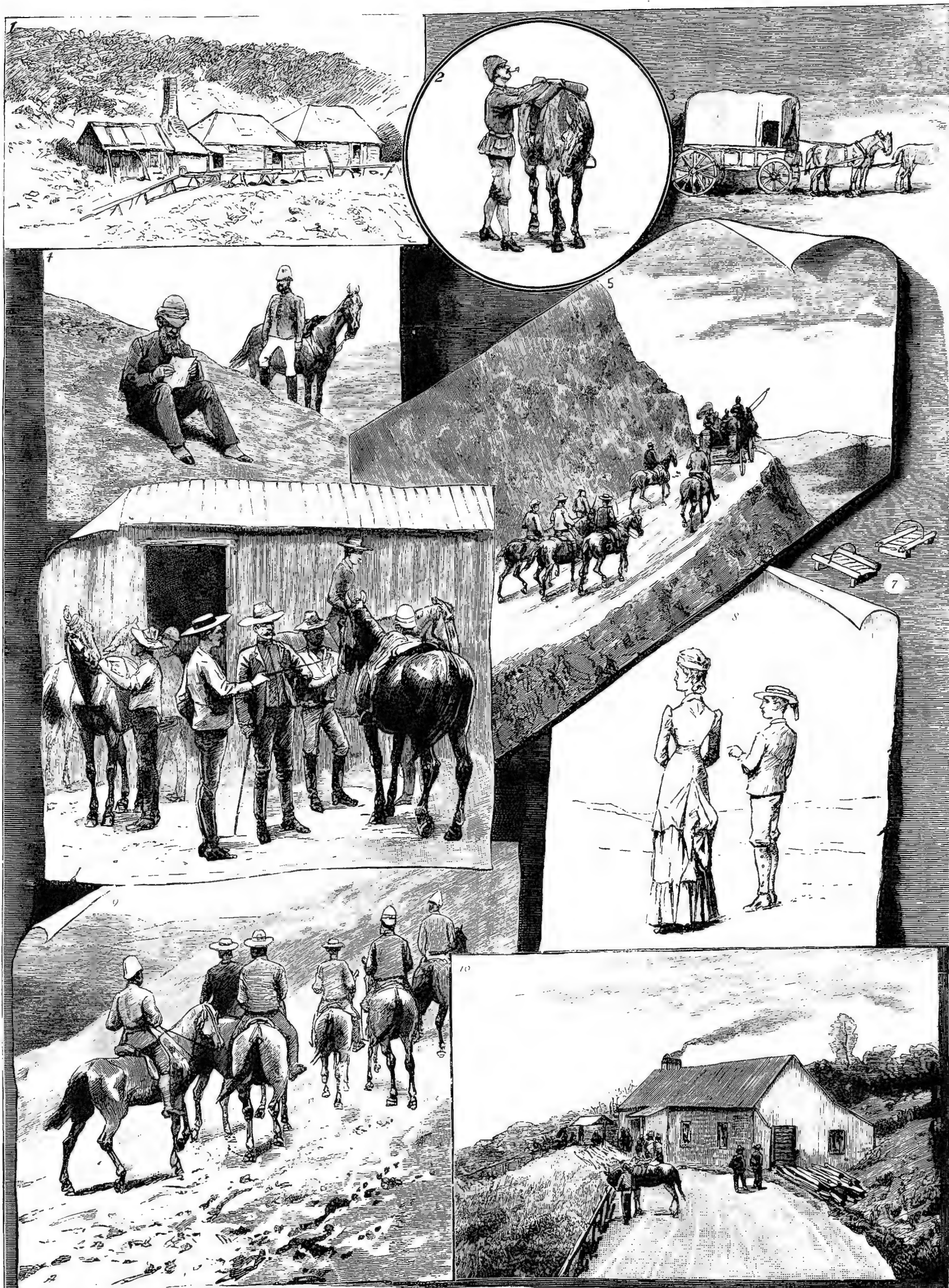
*Temple Bar* is liberally supplied with excellent biographical papers—"Eugène Bodichon," "Christine Nilsson," "Lord Beaconsfield," and Foote "The English Aristophanes," have each an article. The collection of the best things Foote said is very complete. As to "Christine Nilsson," the writer, while a little severe on the prima donna's estimate of her financial value, gives much interesting detail of the events of her early career. In "Eugène Bodichon" we have a pleasant picture of a philanthropist and scientist who is not so widely known as he should be considering the great and amiable qualities he possessed.

Mr. Grant Allen explains to us in *Longman's* how "The First Potter" performed the first achievement in ceramic art by plastering the outside of a calabash or gourd with mud, and, finding to his surprise and delight that water could be boiled in a calabash so protected, introduced the age of pots and pans.—Mr. B. G. Evans, on "The Peasantry of New South Wales," is full of information. Few people in England, perhaps, imagine that the majority of the Welsh peasantry adhere tenaciously to the Celtic tongue. Mr. Evans holds it to be hard that the children should be compelled to use English text-books in the Board Schools. Considering that the Welsh vote Liberal to a man, it is curious to note how strong a hold the idea of feudalism has on their system of agricultural life.

*Le Livre* is an unusually interesting number this month. There are two poems on Victor Hugo, and three portraits of the poet taken in 1832, 1840, and 1885. The poems by Edmond Haraucourt and Pontevrez may seem to us on this side the water somewhat exaggerated in sentiment, but they are fair samples of modern French verse.—What Englishman will find most attractive is M. Ernest Chesneau's article on London publishers, "Les Grands Éditeurs Anglais." This month he treats of Cassell, Chatto and Windus, and Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Kivington. He was escorted on some of his visits of inquiry by Mr. Joseph Hatton, and as a foreigner seems to have been shown every courtesy, particularly by Mr. Chatto, who evidently impressed M. Chesneau very favourably, and supplied the French *littérateur* with information not generally shared by the world. Mr. Justin McCarthy, it is said here, parted with his "History of Our Own Times" on the half-profits system, and in a brief interval was 5,000*l*. in pocket by the transaction.

The *Argosy*, besides its serial, is completely made up of short stories. One of the most striking of these is "On the Supernatural." As the author vouches for the truth of the facts recorded, she must have had a peculiarly weird and eerie experience. It appears to be true of the manifestation of ghosts as of water from the clouds, that it never rains but it pours.

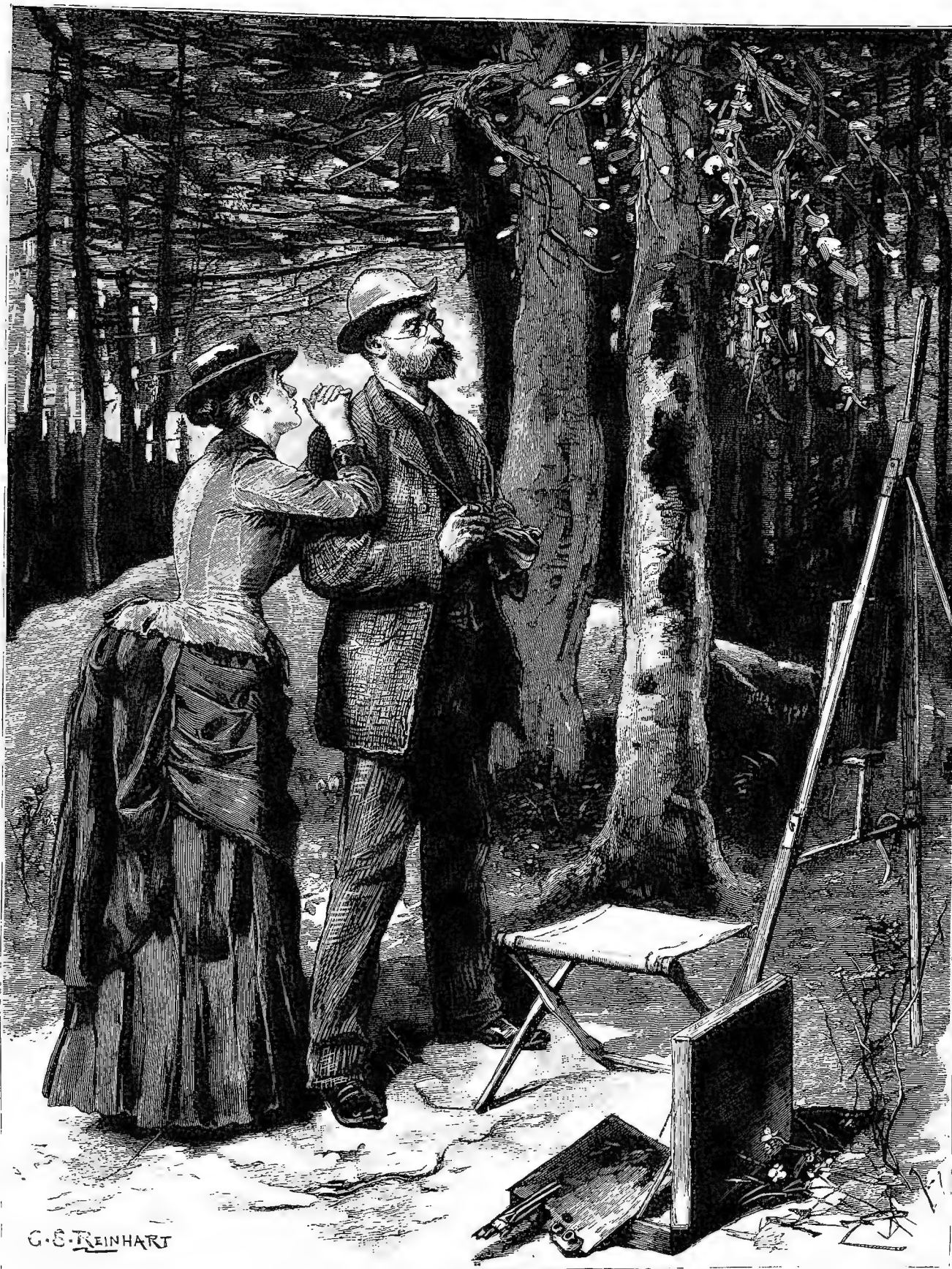




1. The Old Hospice, Mount St. Bernard.—2. Preparing for the Road.—3. The Biggame Waggon.—4. His Excellency Receiving Despatches.—5. A Mountain Track.—6. Choosing Horses.—7. Snow Shoes.—8. Admiring the View.—9. A Trip to Feathertop Mountain.—10. The Hospice, Mount St. Bernard.

THE VISIT OF H.E. SIR H. BROUGHAM LOCH, K.C.B. (GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA), TO THE BUFFALO RANGES





G. S. REINHART

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART

"The amateur laid down his palette and began to fill his pipe. The lady rose also, and folded both hands on his shoulder."

## FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Coals of Fire," "Val Strange," "Hearts," "A Model Father," &c.

### CHAPTER I.

A LITTLE dell in the heart of a wood was deliciously dappled with leafy shadows. It was the merry month of May, but the May was the old-fashioned time that Chaucer and Spenser wrote of—"Lord! How all creatures laughed when her they spied!"—Maytime with the temperature of July, and yet with April's freshness left in it. The leaves were so fresh and tender that where they caught the sun they shone almost transparent, and the transmitted light was soaked and saturated with their cool colour. The boughs nodded and whispered, and the leaves kissed and caressed each other, and quivered as if for very pleasure. If you lay on your back and looked upward, the dark green, and the fresher green soaked with sunlight, went dancing and changing, on a ground of the most wonderful blue, to a rustling music. If you looked at the red earth and the green herbage the lights and the shadows went dancing there also, but in a silence which had something stealthy in it. Then at times the wind would sigh into stillness, and the ground would be speckled like a linnet's breast. Many rocks—the veritable bones of old Earth—lifted themselves out of the green, and every now and then a fairy force of thistle-down would set out against them.

A loosely clad man, bearded and spectacled, and a little on the right side of forty, sat on a camp-stool before a small field easel, and

libelled the landscape at his ease, pausing at his work now and again, and drawing back his head to survey it with an air of charmed appreciation. Near him, on the gnarled trunk of a tree, and in the shadow of a moss-grown rock, sat a lady some ten or a dozen years younger, leisurely torturing thread into lace with a hooked needle. As the spectacled man, absorbed in his libel on the exquisite landscape before him, peered with something of a critical air at Nature, or beamed delightedly at his own rendering of her, the lady looked at him often with a gentle smiling complacency. Whenever he chanced to look at her her face would light with genuine sunshine, and he would nod with the expression of a man well pleased. Sometimes they would look at each other for a full half-minute smilingly, and in silence, and then the spectacled man would nod amiably as if to signify a perfect understanding, and would go back to his lazy work again.

A little way down the dell a boy was clambering among the rocks, shrieking every now and then with ecstatic news of a beetle or a butterfly. He was a sturdy, blue-eyed, golden-haired little fellow of five, the picture of health, and he was risking his limbs, and chattering to all animate and inanimate nature, and laughing with sudden provocative chuckles without apparent reason—a delightful boy, and all alive oh! from his golden head, crammed with only Heaven knows what fancies, to his restless feet and the tips of his brown little fingers.

By and by the amateur laid down his palette and brushes on a convenient little slab of rock, and, arising, began to fill a pipe, regarding his work meanwhile with his head on one side, and at times indulging himself with a complacent little nod. The lady rose also, and leaving her lace work on the moss, approached him, and folded both hands on his shoulder. He, still regarding his picture, began to sing:—

Oh, Dering's words are fresh and fair,  
And Dering's woods are green.

In the act of singing these two lines he contrived to get out of tune so often that he invented quite a new and unexpected air. His companion, in a voice as fresh and mellow as a blackbird's, warbled after him:—

I'd rather roam with Edmund there  
Than reign our English queen.

"Fact?" he asked, looking drolly at her over his shoulder.

"Fact!" she answered, nodding brightly at him, and then with a swift glance around, to make sure that their solitude was unbroken, she stood on tiptoe and kissed him.

"If fact," said the spectacled man, putting an arm about her waist, "extremely creditable to your own discernment."

"Egotist!"

(Continued on page 22)



The frontispiece of the *Art Journal* is an etching by Mr. C. O. Murray, after Mr. Edwin Douglas's painting, "Evening on the South Downs." The arrangement of the picture is very satisfactory, and the half lights have been successfully reproduced by the etcher.—Mr. Lewis F. Day writes an interesting account of the old-world city of Hildesheim; while Mr. W. Sharp's "The Isle of Arran" is admirably illustrated by Mr. Fred Noel-Paton.

"A New Song of Spring Gardens" forms the frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art*. The sprightly verse is by Mr. Austin Dobson, and the appropriate design by Mr. Randolph Caldecott.—"On the Appian Way" is an engraving from the first-rate painting by Gabriel Max. The meaning of the picture is not plain on the surface, but a little study will elucidate it.—Dr. Payne has a valuable paper on "Old Herbals, German and Italian," which is full of antiquarian interest.

*English Etchings* for July contains three admirably executed works, "Ewhurst Mill," a charming sample of Surrey scenery, by H. R. Robertson, "The Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill," by Ned Swain, and "Turf boats on a Fen River," by J. A. Poulter. These original etchings do credit to the English artists who have etched them.

*Little Folks* for July is a capital number, containing a coloured frontispiece, "Great Expectations," the commencement of a serial story, "The Mystery of Shoncliff School," by the author of "May Cunningham's Trial," a prettily-illustrated fairy story; the first of a series of articles on our Colonies, ably written to suit a child's mental capacity; and a host of other matter interesting to juvenile readers.



**THE TURF**—Stockbridge and Gosforth Park (Newcastle) have been the chief trysts for racing men this week, and being so far apart neither has materially interfered with the other. Stockbridge is one of the pleasantest and most picturesque gatherings of the year, and its surroundings have a "classic" interest, the famous Dancbury establishment having made a mark in the Turf history of this century. A select and very aristocratic assemblage were on the course when the Bibury Club proceedings occupied the first day. The sport however was hardly up to the standard. The Bibury Stakes fell to Smatterer, who started as the outsider in a party of six; the Grosvenor Stakes for two-year-olds to Pretty Face; and the Champagne Stakes also for youngsters to Volta. Gay Hermit with odds on him as a matter of course took the Biennial. At Stockbridge proper as on the Bibury day the two-year-old racing was the most interesting, the Zeland Stakes falling to Lisbon, the Mottisfont to Travancore, and the Foal Stakes to Esher, who started at 25 to 1 in a field of six, beating Modwena, who was booked as a certainty. Helen of Troy, who was beaten on the previous day, was another outsider who came to the rescue of the book-makers, as in a field of three for the Post Sweepstakes she started at 6 to 1.—At Newcastle, on the opening day, there was fair sport, Hambletonian, the favourite, beating seven others in the Stewards' Cup, Cardinal Wolsey, the property of the veteran Mr. Bowes, taking the Biennial, and Londonderry the North Derby. On the second day the once famous Northumberland Plate was contested, but only seven runners came to the post, of whom at the last Blue Grass was made a hot favourite. This American-bred colt has been a great trial to his backers throughout his career, but at last he did them a turn by winning the race in question, and affording an instance of the Turf saying that "Every horse wins in his turn." The antecedents of the race were true to the very unsatisfactory tradition of late years, as Eurasian, Xema, and Diss, all strongly fancied and backed, were scratched one after another to the disgust of their followers. The Monckchester Plate for juveniles was won by the Revellion Colt.—The St. Leger market shows no great change, Melton being backed at 2 to 1, with Child of the Mist and Isobar next in demand.—Her Majesty's yearlings at Hampton Court were sold on Saturday last, the twenty-two lots realising 3,140 gs., an average of a little over 142 gs.—Universal regret is felt at the sudden death of Captain Coventry, one of our best horsemen, whose name will be specially associated with the Grand National of 1865, when he won on Alcibiade.

**CRICKET**—The North v. South match at the Oval for the benefit of R. Humphrey was not as well attended as it might have been, nor was the play particularly interesting. Mr. W. G. Grace took no part in the game, and with the exception of Mr. Hornby, all the Northern players were professionals. The South only got 96 in its first innings, and was eventually defeated by eight wickets.—The counties continue busy. At Southampton Derbyshire has beaten Sussex in one innings and 243 runs to spare, F. H. Sugg scoring 187 for the Midlanders out of the big total of 427.—The season, as far as it has gone, has been remarkable for heavy scoring. Surrey, which has led the van in this respect, on Tuesday last against Sussex completed an innings of 631, the highest score ever compiled in a first-class inter-county match, and only second in matches of first-class importance in this country to that made by the Australians against Sussex at Brighton in 1882, when the Colonists made 643. Thus Sussex, if it does not make big scores itself, has the distinction of being the cause of big scores in others. Of the 631 at the Oval this week Mr. W. W. Read scored 163 and Mr. W. E. Rollor 204. The defeat of Sussex was by an innings and 221 runs.—Yorkshire has played a good game against Notts, and got the crack county out in its first innings for the comparatively small total of 122, against which it ran up 269. The Notts team, however, showed far better form in its second attempt, making 305 with two wickets to go down, when the game had to be drawn.—Preparatory to entering the lists against Cambridge this week, Oxford, at the end of last, suffered defeat at the hands of a not particularly strong M.C.C. Eleven. Neither University this season had scored a win in any of their "trial" matches, and when they appeared at Lord's there did not seem much to choose between the two Blues. But of all cricket none is more uncertain than University cricket, and Oxford, going in first, could only put together 136. Then came some sensational work, as Cambridge had run up 198 runs before the stumps were drawn on Monday evening. Of these Bainbridge had made 101 and Wright 74. The total of the innings was next day run up to 287, and Oxford was eventually defeated by seven wickets, though it made a good second innings of 239, to which Page, the captain, contributed 78. This was the fifty-second match between the Universities; and Cambridge has now twenty-six wins to its credit, and Oxford twenty-three, two games having been drawn.—The Eton and Winchester match, played this year at Eton, ended in a draw.—The Lancashire Secretary has replied to Lord Harris's letter, endorsed by the Kent Executive, and protests against any individual county taking the line Kent has, and urging that the M.C.C. is the only authority in the matter. The chief *causa belli*, Crossland, has been disqualified for playing for Lancashire on the ground of his long sojourn in Notts since last season.

**AQUATICS**—Henley has commenced its famous regatta under pleasant meteorological conditions, and the gathering promises to be as successful as any of its predecessors; but as the racing does not

conclude till late on Friday evening, we can make no notes on it till next week.—News comes to hand from America that Hanlan and Teemer have completed arrangements to row for championship races at different distances from two to four miles. The first will take place on August 8th, and the last on October 3rd. Buffalo, Boston, Toronto, and Pittsburg will probably be the scenes of the different contests.

**POLO**—At Hurlingham the final tie for the Grand Military Cup has been won by the 7th Hussars, who beat the 10th Hussars by two goals to one.

**TENNIS**—At Lord's Court on Saturday last, in presence of a large company, the "Gold Racket," or Amateur Tennis Championship, was contested by Mr. J. M. Heathcote, the winner of the "Silver Racket," and the Hon. Alfred Lyttleton, the holder of the championship, which the latter retained without much trouble. The single-handed match between the Universities was won by Oxford.

**ATHLETICS**—The Annual Amateur Championship Meeting took place on Saturday last at Southport, Lancashire. Great disappointment was felt at the absence of W. G. George. J. M. Cowie won the 100 yards; the Quarter Mile fell to Myers, the American Champion, who also took the Half Mile; and Snook won the One Mile, Four Miles, and Two Miles Steeplechase.



**THE NEW LORD CHANCELLOR**, who is to be known as Lord Halsbury, has signalled his accession to the Woolsack by the creation of a considerable number of Queen's Counsel, a step which his predecessor, Lord Selborne, some months ago, and in spite of pressure brought to bear upon him, refused to take.

**MR. R. E. WEBSTER, Q.C.**, who becomes Attorney-General at the age of forty-two, is the son of the late Mr. Thomas Webster, Q.C., who was well known at the Bar, and he was educated at the Charterhouse and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1868, joined the South-Eastern, at that time the Home Circuit, and was made a Q.C. at the early age of thirty-five, an incident said to be almost unprecedented. He has been engaged in many important commercial and railway cases, and has been of late years extensively retained in appeal cases before the House of Lords. He has never sat in the House of Commons, but has been an active supporter of his party at Conservative meetings.

**MR. GORST, M.P. FOR CHATHAM**, is the well-known member of the Fourth Party, to his connection with which, not being a very prominent member of the Bar, he owes his elevation to the Solicitor-Generalship. He was born in 1835, called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1865, when he joined the Northern Circuit, and was made a Q.C. in 1875. He acted for some time as political manager of the Conservative party, and on resigning the post developed an independent Conservatism to which he has since adhered, frequently opposing the recognised leaders of the party. He represented the Crown at the inquiry into the famous Balham mystery.

**THE NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL** appeared on Tuesday as leading counsel for the London and Brighton Railway Company, when the Queen's Bench Division reversed a decision of the Railway Commissioners (reported in this column at the time), by which they disallowed the claim of railway companies to charge, in addition to the maximum statutory rates, additional sums for terminal services, and even refused to grant them an appeal to the ordinary Courts of Law. It is expected that there will be an appeal against the decision in this appeal.

**AN IMPORTANT DECISION** has been given by the Court of Appeal in support of the provisions of the statute well known as Leeman's Act, which in order to prevent merely speculative transactions in Bank shares, made all dealings in them illegal, unless the numbers of the shares transferred were specified. The London Stock Exchange has treated this Act as a dead letter, and has even passed a rule expelling any of its members who should refuse to carry out a contract for the sale of Bank shares in which their numbers were not specified. In the case before the Court of Appeal, the plaintiffs were stockbrokers at Bristol, who had been commissioned by the defendant to buy for him one hundred Oriental Bank shares. They were bought for him, but the day afterwards the Oriental Bank closed its doors, and the defendant refused to complete the contract, on the ground that the shares had not been specified. The plaintiffs paid for them and sued the defendant for the amount, when Mr. Justice Grove gave judgment against them. On appeal this decision has been upheld, the Master of the Rolls pronouncing the rule of the London Stock Exchange illegal and unreasonable.

**LAST YEAR LORD SACKVILLE** practically closed against carriages and excursionists the beautiful grounds of his seat, Knole Park, at Sevenoaks, whereupon a large gathering of the townspeople forcibly removed the obnoxious gates and posts, and deposited them in front of the house. Lord Sackville brought an action against some of the persons who took part in the proceedings, his object being to have the question as to the right of way through his park judicially settled. Just as Mr. Justice Day and a special jury were about this week to try the case, a compromise was agreed to. The defendants abandoned their contention that the public had a right to a carriage or bridge-way through the park, while Lord Sackville admitted (what he had previously denied) its right to a foot-way, and engaged to improve the entrance, which is at present inconvenient for pedestrians. By consent no order was made as to costs. So ends a long and bitter controversy.

**A PASSENGER STARTING** by one of the Metropolitan trains put his portmanteau into a carriage, but the train moved on before he himself could get in, and the portmanteau was lost. The passenger brought an action in the City Court against the company for compensation, and being non-suited appealed to the Queen's Bench Division, which has given judgment against him, holding that no negligence on the part of the company's servants had been proved.



**THE ROYAL COUNTIES SHOW** at Southampton has been very successful, and although the horses were not a show, or the short-horns very numerous, the general character of the exhibition with respect to the animals exhibited was very high. There were 118 horses, 385 cattle, 130 sheep, 63 swine, 21 butter, 335 poultry, pigeons, and rabbits, and 132 implement stands. The mares with foal at foot were a good class, and there were a few very fine animals among the agricultural horses. Mr. Game's cows and heifers were of high excellence, and went some distance towards redeeming the short-horns from being an under-average display. The Sussex cattle were extremely good, while the average standard of merit among the Devons was exceptionally high. Three magnificent Herefords were

exhibited. The Jersey cattle were an extraordinarily full and representative collection; the show of Guernseys also was both large and good. The Hampshire sheep, "upon their native heath," were to our mind the best collection of that breed yet got together. The turn out of Southdowns was unusually good. The Cotswolds and Oxford Downs were small, but good shows. The Berkshire swine were of very high merit, and there were also a few good examples of the small black-and-white breeds.

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE AGRICULTURE** was well represented at the recent Peterborough Show. The Shire horses, numbering 168, were an exceptionally fine display, and included 25 two-year-old stallions. The hunters and hacks were also very good. The short-horns were noticeable rather for quality than numbers. A few very good dairy cows were shown, and the Channel Islands cattle called for commendation. The short-wooled shearling ewes were of special excellence among the sheep. Only a few pigs were exhibited, but they were of decidedly high quality.

**THE SUFFOLK SHOW** was remarkable for four things: first, the splendid show of Suffolk carthorses, second, the merit and numbers of the Suffolk sheep; third, the good collection of red-poll cattle; and fourth, the importance and quality of the dairy cattle. Two other points may be noticed, the one being the reversal at Sudbury of several Watton awards, and the other being the admission among the "pure" Suffolk sheep of several showing tufts of white wool on their black faces. This used not to be so. There was a fair number of visitors, but the small size of Sudbury, and the unsettled weather which was locally prevalent, prevented the county people coming together in such force as they are wont to do on fine days at Ipswich or Bury St. Edmund's.

**THE MONMOUTH SHOW** was exceedingly attractive, the show-yard being one of the most beautiful we have ever seen, and the Herefords forming one of the grandest exhibitions which any County Show has yet been the means of getting together. There also were a few very good short-horns. The sheep and horses did not call for much notice.

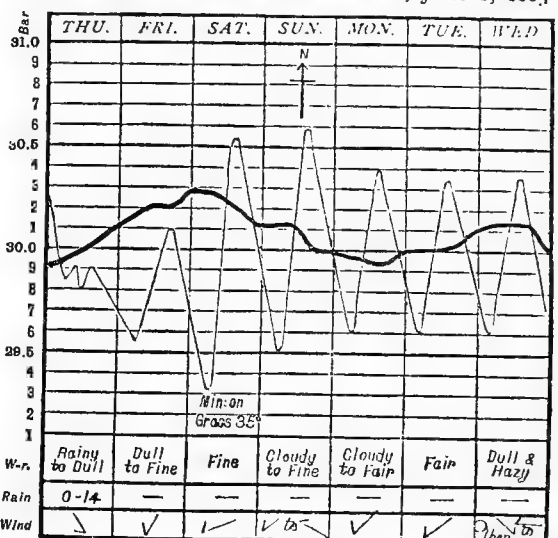
**NORFOLK SHOW** awards are now complete. The High Sheriff's prize for the best dairy cow has been given to Mr. J. E. Groom for a Jersey cow, and the second to Mr. J. J. Sharp for a cross-bred. The prize for the best design for a silo goes to Mr. A. R. Craggs, of Hereford. Mr. Barry's Carthusian takes the pony prize, as the winner on the show day has been objected to, and on inquiry proves to be disqualified.

**IRISH AGRICULTURE** seems to be in a very bad way. Land is not so much changing from arable to pasture as in England, as lapsing into a state which, although returned as cultivated, is little removed from sterility, so poor is the farming, so dilatory, and so ineffective. The recent laws have separated capital and cultivation, and induced the well-to-do to shut themselves off from the poor. To such tenants as they possess, almost everything is conceded out of very fear, but as soon as tenements can be disposed of the resident owner rids himself of them to companies or absentees who employ agents, the salaries of these agents being a burden on both owner and tenant. The flax industry in the North is decaying, while in the South and West Nationalism has got the upper hand so completely that the owners of capital are gradually "getting away," lest their means should be taken under the guise of various local charges and rates of the character of a "ransom." Lord Carnarvon and his colleagues will find a terrible task set them in Ireland even should the people give them a majority at the elections. In a few months only, next to nothing can be done; we can only hope that the present promise of good cereal and potato crops may be realised, and Ireland thereby be saved at least from an acceleration of her agricultural decline.

**COUNTRY HOLIDAYS' FUND**—In 1884, through the Country Holidays' Fund and its workers, nearly 5,000 poor London children were sent to spend two or three weeks in the country. The children were taken from some of the poorest and most dreary districts of London, and were boarded in country cottages, and shared the home life of the cottagers. Every child sent away was known to some one of the London workers who made all arrangements for the holiday. Each cottage and cottager was guaranteed as suitable by some well-known resident in the village. The good derived from these country holidays was very great. The children were not only stronger in body, but their minds were enlarged and new sympathies were awakened. This year many parts of London from which children have not hitherto been sent away desire to join the Society. Increased work brings increased expenditure, and funds are urgently needed to supply the 17s. 6d. which will pay for a holiday of three weeks and the railway fare. Cheques and P.O.O. may be made payable to Miss L. Courtney, the secretary of the Society, 1, Adam Street, Adelphi, from whom further information of the work may be obtained.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1885



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—The weather over the British Islands during the past week has been dry and mostly fine, but cool generally. Pressure has been high off our western coasts throughout the week, while areas of relatively low readings have existed over France and Scandinavia. Thus Northerly (North-West to North-East) breezes have predominated in all parts of the United Kingdom, and while but light in force over the inland parts of the country, they have blown freshly at many of the coast stations. The sky had been clear for the greater part of the time, but the Northerly current of wind has caused the air to be very cool generally. Thunderstorms have occurred almost daily over France.

Temperature has been less than its normal value by some degrees generally. The highest maxima have been 75° in Scotland on Saturday (27th ult.), 72° over South-Eastern England, and 71° over Central Ireland on Sunday (28th ult.).

The barometer was highest (30.29 inches) on Saturday (27th ult.), lowest (29.51 inches) on Thursday (25th ult.); range, 0.78 inches. Temperature was highest (72°) on Sunday (28th ult.); lowest (46°) on Saturday (27th ult.). Range 26°. Rain fell on one day only, Thursday (25th ult.), to the amount of 0.14 inch.



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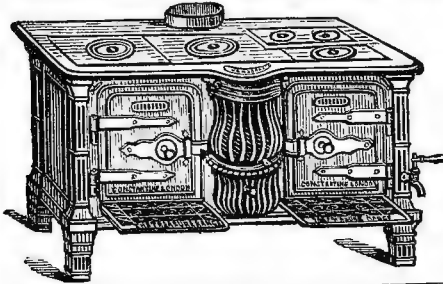
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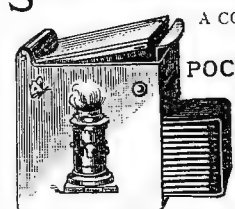
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DEATH.

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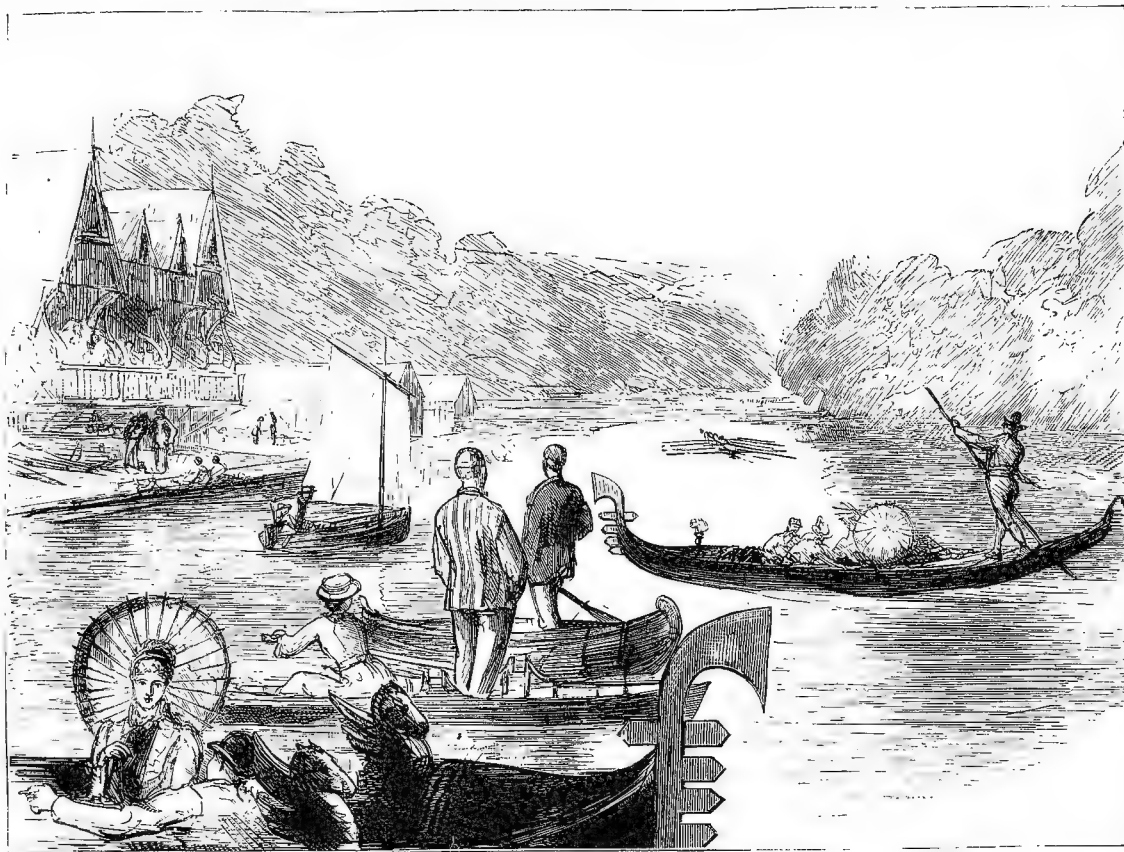
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at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St.  
Dunston, Middlesex.—JULY 4, 1885.



# LEAVES FROM AN ARTIST'S NOTE BOOK AT HENLEY



THE DAY BEFORE



THE SHORTEST MAN IN A BOAT



A PARTISAN

IT IS A LOVELY MORNING as we prepare to embark in our boat at Wargrave and drop gently down stream to Henley on this, the first morning of the regatta. There is a gentle breeze, just enough to raise a ripple on the water—such a contrast from the road hard by, where the flow of carriages, carts, and equipages of all descriptions is raising clouds of white dust. The change from road to river is simply delightful; the dust may rise to its heart's content, but it cannot hurt us here. Our hampers, charged with all the delicacies of the season, are stowed in the stern and bows of a large innigred boat; wraps and cushions are thrown on to the seats, and we all turn in. Some lie down aft under the shadow of a canopy—the sort of thing generally associated with pictures of Cleopatra going to meet Mark Antony—the bows accommodate one or more, while others more energetic proceed to handle the oars and sculls. The man on the raft shoves us off, and we drift ponderously out into the stream with an effort and apparent reluctance on the part of our boat which augurs ill for our progress; but no sooner does she find herself unencumbered by the others that have been lying alongside the raft than she sets her head well down the river, and, with the stream running under her, moves steadily and easily forward. There is no greater mistake than to go to a regatta in a craft that requires any "sitting." If you want to enjoy yourself you must have a large, roomy ship in which every one can loll about at their ease,—all over the place, in fact, without any perceptible alteration in the equilibrium of the vessel. We come to this conclusion during the process of making ourselves thoroughly comfortable with cushions and wraps and other paraphernalia, a process which in anything but a thorough-going tub is not so easy of accomplishment.

Once fairly off, we glide down the stream at a good pace, on the one side beautiful green meadows, on the other a distant view of the road obscured in the cloud raised by the chariot-wheels. Other and lighter boats are beginning to pass us, the men rowing, the ladies steering. Bright cotton or flannel dresses are in the ascendant here, for these have taken no special train from Paddington to see the regatta for the day: they are having a veritable boating trip—three days, or perhaps a week; sailor hats, too, with broad brims, and trimmed with the boating ribbon of the club over whose fortunes their wearers are the presiding deities.

And so we converge towards Marsh Lock. The gates on our side are shut, a detachment is being let through, and a host of boats are crowding outside determined not to be left in the lurch at the next opening. We think it advisable to put on a bit of a spurt so as if possible to get in before the other boats, which are behind us now, but bent on catching us before we get to the lock. Up we come; the occupants of the other craft regard us with considerable distrust, and some dislike, as we run alongside and proceed to grapple to the nearest rowlock. "Now, then, we're all right if they'd only open the gates at once and let us through;" but the lock man is still handing out tickets in a miniature landing net with a deliberateness which is most provoking. The other boats are coming up, and in their nasty, selfish way insist on forcing their bows between our stern and the piles, and we begin to realise to our horror that we are gradually getting across the lock. It is not of the least use to protest. Every man is looking after himself. "Hurrah! they are opening the gates; we shall do it now." Not a bit of it. Some one very anxious to get in shoves off from our stern, and round we go. No amount of punting now will do us any good. We are hopelessly across the river, and with a sigh of anguish, and something more, we push out of the way and see the lock fastened against us once again. There is no help for it, so we make the best of a bad job by taking up the first position on the line for the next essay. This time we are successful, and, securely packed inside, can afford to laugh at the poor wretches who are gnashing their teeth in the outer sunshine.

Once through the barrier we begin to be aware of what a lot of life is stirring. You might imagine that there was a vast gipsy settlement established lower down, or that the volunteers were camping out for eight days' training, to judge from the number of little tents scattered up and down along the banks. We are early yet, and the occupants of the canvas huts have not yet finished breakfast. There are kettles suspended over a few crackling sticks in genuine gipsy fashion, and very picturesque they look. Flannels and boating coats of varied brightness add a little colouring to the scene, and even the muscular Christian himself lounging on the grass by the water with the after-breakfast pipe in his mouth is not an inartistic object in the foreground.

Gradually we round the corner, and are aware of the bridge below us. On our left hand, as we look towards it, are the houses where most of the competing crews are quartered. Their respective boatmen are hanging about outside looking very important, as much as to say, "Don't come sounding me about my crew; I may know if they're going to win, or I may not. Any'ow, I shall keep it to myself." The trainer of the Derby favourite himself could hardly look more charged with military appearance as he pours their griefs into the bosoms of unwilling brass instruments—we say unwilling, for they do not respect the confidences thus imparted, but publish them to the bystanders with shrieks and groans. "What be that as they're a playing of, Bill?" asks one boatman of another. "'Aaron on the Rhine,' I'm told," he answers. "Get along," says a third. "Aaron warn't never on the Rhine. It's 'Errings in the Rhine,' and all jolly England on the Thames, and so I tell yer." This solution is accepted as the proper one, and we move on edified.

On the bank there is almost as much bustle as there is on the water. The first special train from Paddington has arrived, and the visitors are entering the meadow, some to take up their positions on the drags, others to cross over to those tempting-looking house boats, decorated with flowers and flags and teeming with hospitality; while the lawn of the Isthmian Club is a favourite resort with others. There is an observable difference between those of the fair sex whom the special has brought down from London and what we may call the practical boating contin-

gent. The former are prettily but handsomely dressed. They add very much to the brightness of the whole *mise-en-scène*, but they do not row. If they desert the tops of the drags or the awnings of the house boats to patronise the river, they dispose themselves on the cushions and dangle the rudder lines. The wagonettes, carriages, and traps of all descriptions are drawn up in position from opposite the winning-post to far away down beyond the corner. At present they are more or less deserted; the occupants have got down to stretch their legs and air themselves on the towing-path.

The weather by this time has fulfilled the fondest expectations. The sun is piping hot, and Japanese parasols are in great requisition. Gilded youth, who is not in flannels, but got up in a fashion that would grace the Row on a Sunday, is beginning to find it almost too much. Anxiously he seeks some shady spot where he may rest (Continued on page 24)



"TIDE'S AGAINST US, MARIA"



(Continued from page 13)

"Not at all. To desire nothing better than the things you have is a high proof of wisdom."

"If there is nothing better to desire."

"Precisely."

"But where there are many better things, not to desire them is a proof of content which is nothing better than stupidity."

"Now," said he, "what better could you have than you have already?"

"Egotist!" she said again.

"Not a bit of it. You couldn't love me any better if I were the handsomest, best, and most gifted son of Adam."

"You are," she said, with an almost defiant seriousness. His face, which had hitherto worn a look of good-humoured affection, grew suddenly serious and tender.

"Go on dreaming," he answered, "if you want to be happy. It's a bit humiliating," he said a moment later, with a return to his former manner, "when a woman's worth a hundred of a fellow, that she should make up her mind to worship him. It's humiliating to the dog himself, I mean, if he has a grain of sense left in him that hasn't been transmuted into folly by her flatteries."

"Now you are going to depreciate yourself again," said his wife appealingly. "I know everything you are going to say, and in advance I don't believe one word of it. You are not effete—you are not played out—your last book is your best—and the last but one was better than the one that went before it. Foolish man, to think yourself anything but what you are, the dearest man, the best man, the wisest man in the world."

She had begun with an appeal and had suddenly fallen into a frowning earnestness, out of which she emerged into a tender reproach, which again in turn changed to an admiring merriment, and now with his big brown beard gathered in a double handful she was standing on tiptoe laughing at him.

"As it happens," he replied, laughing back again with both her hands caught in his, "I wasn't going to advance the particular statement you have demolished. But that is no reason why we shouldn't see what is in the luncheon basket. Come along to dinner, Cupid," he cried, raising his voice.

The boy, with both hands full of grasses and flowering weeds, came running up the path, his cheeks glowing and his blue eyes sparkling. "Look here! Nosegays! One for you, mamma, and one for papa."

The mother snatched him to her arms and covered him with kisses. Suddenly she looked up, flushed, half piteous, with a flash of tears in her eyes.

"Austin, I feel afraid. Have I a right to be so happy? Has any one a right to be so happy? Will it last?"

"Who knows?" he answered. "Human affairs run in averages, but then the averages are not individual. We have had almost trouble enough in our time to have paid for a little joy. Let us take it gratefully."

"Sometimes," she said, "a shadow seems to fall upon it all, the shadow of a fear."

"The shadow of the past—experience. The burnt child dreads the fire. We are burnt children, both of us. Five years' illness and poverty out of seven years of married life is a large allowance. And, after all, our present happiness isn't phenomenal, my dear, though it looks so. We have health, and we value it because we have each missed it in turn. We have a little money, and we think it a great deal because we have been so deadly poor. And then," he laughed and half blushed, "we have a little fame, and that is all the pleasanter because we were so long neglected. Sweet is pleasure after pain."

The mother drew the little fellow closer to her side.

"I am dangerously happy," she answered. "Do you believe in presentiments, Austin?"

"Oh, yes," said he, with purposed flippancy. "I believe in presentiments, because I've had them by the hundred."

"Don't answer me like that, Austin. In their fulfilment?"

"As a general thing, no. Of course not. As an occurrence of extreme rarity, yes. The sun doesn't rise every time a cock crows. Chicago isn't burned to the ground every time a cow kicks. The mind has bubbles, as the water has, and these are of them. It would be odd indeed if some of the countless millions of these little attacks of low spirits were not followed by misfortunes, great or small. Take courage, my dear. I haven't any presentiments, and nothing can happen to you which would not be equally dreadful to me. Have you any presentiments, Cupid?"

"No, papa," said the five-year-old. "I don't want any. I'm not hungry."

"That's the great art of ratiocination, my dear," said the father, patting his boy's cheek. "He sees me in the act of unpacking the luncheon-basket, and he fancies that presentiments and provender are one. Cold chicken. Salad. Claret. Bread. Cheese. Milk for the Cupidon. There we are. Are not these woods more free from peril than the envious Court? Fall to, then. Sit down by your mother, Cupid. Take a pull at the milk, old man, and then you'll have an appetite. What a sudden shadow? Like your presentiment, Lucy."

A cloud had floated between themselves and the sun, and a strange quiet had fallen with the shadow on the woods.

"Austin," the wife whispered, "there is that dreadful man again. It seems as if he had brought the darkness with him."

A brown sloping path, covered still with the fir needles shed in the foregoing autumn, broke the wall of green which bounded the dell, and down this footway, between the silver stems of the birches and the reddish stems of the firs, walked a grey-bearded man, with his head drooped forward, and his hands clasped behind him. He looked neither to left nor right, but went by as if unconscious of their presence, and in a little while was lost behind the thicker growth of trees. As he went out of sight the sun broke through the cloud, the leafage was inundated with light again, and the birds renewed their song.

"Look," she whispered, "the shadow follows him."

"What an odd mood this is to-day!" said her husband, smiling at her. "And why is the poor old gentleman so dreadful?"

"Austin! Why? An Anarchist. A Nihilist."

"Well, well," said Austin. "There may be times and places when even anarchy is an antidote to misrule; perhaps the only one. The old gentleman is a Russian, my dear, and if I were a Russian I should probably be a Nihilist myself. Only, being a lazy fellow, and not overburdened with too much pluck, I should very likely say nothing about it."

The wife smiled at this, and shook her head with a look of superior wisdom.

"You love to say odd things, and I think that sometimes you would like me to think you a very dreadful person. But," she was serious again, "you can't find excuses for a man like that."

"Very truly and very seriously I can," he answered.

"But, Austin, do you know? You can't have heard. He is known to have hatched plots against the life of the Czar."

"Well, yes. It is known also that he has been wifeless and childless this twenty years. His wife and his two sons died in Siberia. They went there without trial, and people who know him say that the loss of them in that horrible way turned his brain. Suppose anybody stole you and little Austin? Suppose he drove you on foot through hundreds of miles of ice and snow? Suppose that he made you herd with the human off-scourings of the world? Suppose he gave you over to a mock marriage with a thief and a

paricide, and that you died after three or four long-drawn hideous years? It might be wicked, but surely it would not be quite without provocation if I blew that man sky high. I don't say that regicide is a thing to be commended. I don't defend the poor old gentleman's political opinions. But I do say that human nature's human nature, and that so long as tyranny lives—"

He paused, a little heated, and, with a motion of his hands as if he threw the theme away, sat down upon his camp-stool.

"And is that his history?" asked the wife. "Are the suppositions true for him?"

"That is a part of his history," returned the husband. "Of course it's very dreadful that one man should plot to kill another, but it's very dreadful also that he should be driven by such a tragedy to contemplate such a crime. But everybody says his brain is turned, and at bottom he is likely to be harmless enough. He is watched wherever he goes. He dare not enter his native country. I suppose he could no more send a letter to a friend or accomplice there than he could send an open messenger. His plots are harmless. What can one poor old madman, buried in Belgium, do against the Czar of All the Russias?"

"The Juge de Paix says that in Russia they think him the most dangerous of all the revolutionists."

"If that were true I should fancy they have little to fear. But there are many more dangerous revolutionists than poor old Dobroski; and with me, for the moment, cold chicken is the one absorbing theme. Where are the plates? Horror! We have left the plates behind. Improvident woman—and innocent of forecast."

"The plates are below the linen!"

"So they are. Help yourself, my dear, and see to Cupid. Delightful! delightful! Most delightful-delightful, and again delightful, beyond all whooping! To have been ill and to be well again—to have been in debt and to have paid the last penny—to have worked like a nigger and to have earned a holiday—to have been married this seven years, and to be in love with one's good-for-nothing wife even unto this day—to have weather like this, when, according to everything but tradition, there ought to be snow on the ground—How have I deserved these joys? Positively, my dear, though I am twelve stone ten, and nearly forty, and have been talking with my mouth full—never do that, Cupid—I feel as if I held my soul in my hand, like a bird, and had only to unclasp it to let it fly loose into some region of unspeakable pleasures."

"And the good-for-nothing wife is regarded a little?—Is she, Austin?"

"My dear," he answered, "marriage is an egg which addles or hatches, according to circumstance. When once the egg is added it is done for. When it is hatched it brings forth the bird called Peace, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who hath the sweetest voice of all God's creatures; and this bird, making his nest in the heart, sings there continually. And his song is more satisfying than cold chicken to the hungry."

"Oh, Austin, why did you mix that beautiful bird with cold chicken?"

"You might hear him singing now if you came near enough." She made one gliding movement, and was kneeling at his side, with her ear at his waistcoat, and her eyes turned up to his.

"What is he singing, Austin?"

"He is singing 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer,' and 'The Girl I Never Left Behind Me.'"

"Very faintly," she said, laughing. "The watch-tick drowns his voice."

"Like a whole tuneful quire," he protested. "No world-made mechanism drowns his voice for me."

"Is it true, Austin? Is it true?"

"As true as Cupid's eyes."

"Kiss me as well, papa," shouted the boy, in his clear treble.

"Great Heaven!" said his father, looking about him in mock apprehension. "Are there any English-speaking people within a mile of us? There you are. And now let us return to the business of life. Salad and sentiment. Chicken and cheerfulness. Claret and a clear conscience. Oh, carpe diem, Austin; carpe, carpe!"

Luncheon over, he returned to his painting, to find the lights all changed. He worked away, however, with great contentment for an hour or two, whilst the wife and the boy wandered beyond the limits of the dell.

When they came back they found that he had packed up his traps, and was lying at length on the moss, with his face turned to the sky.

"I do this better than I paint," he said, cocking an idle eye at his wife from beneath the white soft felt which rested on his nose. "Shall we get back now?"

She assenting he arose lazily, and gathered his belongings together.

"I want to carry something, papa," said the boy, possessing himself of the camp-stool. They sauntered on together tranquilly through the twinkling lights which dazzled from between the leaves, and their steps were noiseless on the dense carpet of fir needles. A resinous gum distilled in thick beads upon the red-brown stems of the firs, and the air was balsamic with its odour. The boy laid down his burden to chase a sulphur-coloured butterfly. They had gone a hundred yards before they missed him, and when they turned to look for him he was seen at the far end of a wooded vista, seated on the camp-stool.

"Look at the little figure, Lucy," said the father. "Isn't there something lonely and almost pathetic in it? He looks as if he were waiting for somebody who would never come—a figure of deserted childish patience." He hailed the child, and turned away again. "He knows the road?" he asked. "There is no danger of his losing himself?"

"He knows the way," she answered. "We have been here twice a day for a month past."

So they marched on, well pleased, talking of indifferent matters, and the little fellow sat on the camp-stool behind them, and held animated talk with Nature. By and by appeared a magnificent beetle, shining with the richest metallic colours conceivable, and walking down the centre of the pathway. With a shriek of delight the boy tumbled from the camp-stool, and made for the beetle. He had all but laid a hand upon it when the insect spread its wings and flew away. This astonished him, and he watched the flight with wide-open blue eyes, full of wonder. Then, seizing the camp-stool, he followed, and speedily came up with the beetle, who had descended, and was again walking leisurely along the pathway. He did not attempt to catch him this time, but he took up a dead twig and touched him with it. The novel experiment succeeded; the boy pursued the insect with shrieks of ecstatic joy, and the beetle was so obliging as to repeat his performance again and again, until at last he grew tired of the sport, and, spreading his wings once more, flew away finally, and disappeared in the hazy sunlight and shadow of the wood.

It did not all at once occur to the boy that he was lost, and after a momentary spell of grief at the beetle's unexpected desertion of him, he wandered on, trailing the camp-stool by one leg behind him. The path grew narrower and began to descend. He followed it with a thousand new delights to interest and attract him, and came at last upon a lower road, moist, sombre, and solitary. Here, because of the shadows and the sudden sense of loneliness, he began to be afraid, and being afraid, ran as fast as his small legs would carry him. Then, since fear is as natural a result of flight as flight is of fear, he grew more and more afraid, and began to sob with terror and

distress. He stuck to the camp-stool loyally, though it impeded him and began to be a burden, and he was in a dreadful hurry. He ran on sobbing until the sombre road brought him into sunlight again at the skirt of the wood, and there he opened his camp-stool, and sat down upon it, and abandoned himself completely to despair.

Long before this he had been missed, and was sought for, at first calmly and tranquilly enough, but after a little while with some anxiety.

## CHAPTER II.

THE grey-bearded man wandered through the wood with his chin sunk upon his breast and his eyes fixed upon the ground. He was tall and gaunt and swarthy, and looked as if he had a considerable strain of the Jew in him. His nose was like an eagle's beak, and ascetically fine. His temples were hollowed like those of a death's head, and his eyes, which were large and brown, and mournful to the verge of pathos, were the eyes of a born dreamer and a fanatic by nature. His eyebrows were still jet black, and were arched finely, but snow-white hairs were thickly sown amongst the black on lip and cheeks and chin. The moustache and beard were venerable and even noble, and the grizzled hair that fell upon his shoulders helped out a certain air of dejected majesty which belonged to his whole figure. To have shorn him might have given him something of a culture look.

At times he would pause suddenly with one foot before the other, and would stand and stare at the ground for a minute at a time, and would then walk on again, as if unconscious of his momentary arrest or his renewed motion. His lean figure, which, except for the constant inclination of the head, would have had something of a military air, was closely buttoned in a well-cut but dingy frock coat of black broadcloth, and he carried his hands clasped behind him. A black felt hat picturesquely kneaded out of shape lay carelessly at the back of his head, and left bare his high peaked forehead and his sunken temples.

His unconscious footsteps led him by a winding path, which brought him first to the brow of a hill (from whence could be seen a landscape with a sweep of thirty miles from left to right, with a dozen little villages nestling here and there), and afterwards conducted him by many tortuous windings downward to a moist and shadowy forest lane. This in turn brought him to the edge of the wood, and in a little while he struck upon a white and dusty high road, and went pacing along it like a man who sees nothing. Once or twice he passed a road-mender or a tiller of the fields, who capped him with "Bonzeure, m'sieu," and the gaunt greybeard sent a long lean forefinger to his forehead in answer to the salutation.

The road, swerving suddenly round the hill-side, led him to a little auberge, built of grey rough stone, and in front of the house he sat down in shadow and mopped his forehead, a little moistened by the heat of the way. A country woman fresh from the washing-tub came out wiping her hands upon her apron, and stood in the doorway regarding him. He asked, without glancing at her, for a glass of sugared water, and a match, and busied his long brown fingers in the rolling of a cigarette. The woman set the mild beverage before him, and he sat in the lonely road sipping and smoking with his mournful eyes staring far away, as if they saw through the opposite hill-side and into the open country beyond it.

The woman retired again, and a dog came into sight. The dog was obviously in trouble. He ran hither and thither sniffing at the white dust of the roadway, and whining loudly. Then he coursed to the corner of the road to look along the open stretch which lay beyond it, and seeing nobody there lifted his nose into the air and howled. Next he came into the shadow of the auberge, and looked beseechingly at the greybeard who sat there. The old man stared at the hill-side, and the dog, who wanted his own affairs to be attended to, ventured on a half expostulatory, half beseeching, whine. This being of no effect he advanced, and touched the man's drooping hand timidly with his paw.

"Eh?" said the greybeard, suddenly looking down upon him.

"You are troubled, my friend. What is it?"

The dog whined again, and crouched piteously with his tail between his legs, and the whites of his eyes exposed. Two big tears trickled down to the corners of his mouth, and he let off so short and sharp an ejaculation of misery that the old man laughed.

"Tenez! tenez!" he said. "It is not half so bad as that, I am sure."

"It is about as bad as it can be," said the dog, if ever a dog said anything yet. Two more tears welled from his big brown eyes.

"Eh bien!" returned the greybeard. "Let us see if we can mend it. Vois tu bien, my poor friend, it's a feeble heart that breaks down thus. What will you? How shall I help you? Madame?" In answer to his call the woman of the house emerged again, wiping her hands anew upon her check apron. "Pardon me for the trouble I give you, but do you know anything of this dog?"

"He came," said the woman, "this morning, with an Englishman. There were seven, eight, nine—a troop. This one was left when the others went away."

"Do you know the Englishman? Who is he?"

"He comes from Bruxelles, they say," returned the woman.

"He has taken the Chateau Beau Site at Houfroy."

"That is a league from here?"

"A league at least. But he is stupid—that beast, or he would find his way home. It is a straight line."

The old man paid his halfpenny and arose.

"Come along," he said in English to the dog. "Good day, madame." The dog leapt with alacrity to his feet, and followed, keeping close at heel. "I had a notion from the first," said the old man turning round to address his follower, "that you were English. They call you Gordon setter, I believe. Is it not so? I have seen many like you in England."

The road was unsheltered, dusty, and staring white, and the afternoon sun was powerful. The old man had not gone far when he began to be unpleasantly sensible of the heat, and coming in a while to the shadow of a single tree he stood within it looking with an occasional doubtful shake of his head at the dog, and mopping at his own perspiring forehead.

"Do you know your way now, foolish beast?" he asked. "Look you. Out there, in a straight line. Home!" He raised his voice on the last word, and lifted his arm with an authoritative gesture. The dog, with his tail once more tucked between his legs, sank beseechingly upon his haunches, and cowered before him, as if to say, "Desert me now, and I am a lost dog indeed." The old man laughed, sighed, and took the road anew. The dog stuck close to heel, and his leader, drooping his chin upon his breast, walked on and forgot him for a time, until the sight of the village of Houfroy, with its roofs gleaming in the valley half a mile ahead, brought him to mind again. "And now do you know your way?" he asked. No. The dog was a lost dog still, and there was evidently nothing for it but to take him home.

On a rising ground, at a considerable distance from the main road, stood a pretentious little castellated building of dark grey stone, a modern dwelling-house of moderate proportions, which did its best to look like a mediæval fortress. The old man struck into a by-path which led towards this mansion, crossing the bare sunny fields. An elaborate iron gate, with formidable pillars on either side of it, opened on a drive of beaten schist. This drive was bordered with banks of green turf, and the thick pine wood through which it ran kept it in cool shadow, and hid the house beyond. Once through the gateway the dog, without waiting for so much as a thank you, bolted, and scoured along the path.



"Ah, well," said his guide, "you are at home now, poor brute, and there is an end of your troubles."

The shade was grateful after his heated and dusty walk, and he sat down to rest upon a bank beneath the dark green of the pines. He sat for a long time with one leg thrown over the other, his flowing grey beard crushed against his breast, and his back reclining against a tree stem, whilst his pathetic eyes stared far away from under his black eyebrows.

"Oblige me by quitting my grounds, sir," said a clear loud voice, so near to him that he started. The tone was no more polite or pleasant than the words, and the speaker was a florid English-looking man of perhaps five-and-forty, blue eyed, blonde whiskered, and portly. He carried a riding whip in one hand, and with this he pointed to the gateway with pretty much the gesture one would use to an intruding hound.

(To be continued)



MR. HENRY O. FORBES, F.R.G.S., adds materially to our knowledge of the ethnology, botany, and zoology of the Tropics in "A Naturalist's Wanderings in the Eastern Archipelago" (Sampson Low). This book is a narrative of travel and exploration from 1878 to 1883 in the Cocos-Keeling group, in Java, in Sumatra, in the Moluccas, and in other less-known islands. Mr. Forbes describes admirably the strange plants, peoples, and animals which he met with on his journeys. He is happy, too, in that word-painting which brings vividly to the mind's eye some of the weirdest phenomena in Eastern scenery—especially in his description of the crater of the Dempo, a volcano in Sumatra, some 10,000 feet in height, and in a delightful picture which he draws of the Dutch island of Banda, with its land-locked harbour of blue translucent water and its well-kept nutmeg groves. Especially valuable to the botanist and ethnologist, "A Naturalist's Wanderings in the Eastern Archipelago" will be found by the general reader a fascinating volume.

Messrs. Field and Tuer publish at one shilling, and in handy form, "Burma and the Burmans," by Mr. Archibald Ross Colquhoun. Mr. Colquhoun is so well-known and well-established in authority on the Indo-Chinese peninsula, that, when he tells us on his title-page and cover that Burma is "the best unopened market in the world," we see no reason to doubt him. He gives in brief compass full statistical information about the realm ruled over by that most unpleasant of monarchs, King Theebaw. The exports from his dominions to British Burma amounted in 1880-81 to 1,613,972*l.*, while the imports were 1,712,302*l.*, and with a decent Government in Upper Burma this trade might expand indefinitely. The ruins of ancient cities and temples are proof that the valley of the Irrawaddy in olden time supported an enormous population, and fully bear out the narrative of the Portuguese traveller, Pinto. The unfortunate subjects of the Burmese King are the victims of a terrible fiscal tyranny which crushes their industry. Monopolies are the order of the day, and property and life are held on very precarious tenure. It is small wonder that they fly, when they are able, to the protection afforded by British rule. Mr. Colquhoun is apprehensive that, unless we interfere in time at Mandalay, that city may become a dangerous focus for French intrigue. His book is certainly useful and timely in its appearance, and its size renders it possible for the politician and the merchant to master its contents without making too great an inroad on their available leisure.

We can cordially recommend to every one for perusal "Notes for Boys (and their Fathers)" (Elliot Stock). The work is made up of short essays on "Morals, Mind, and Manners." These are characterised throughout by good sense and shrewdness of observation. The tone and the style alike merit the highest praise. The topics are old enough, it is true, but they are here handled with freshness, and yet with simplicity. Although "An Old Boy" moralises from the first page to the last of his book, he is never dull. Heads of households and others might do much worse than read him carefully.

"Written to Order" (Sampson Low), by the author of "A Day of My Life at Eton," is a racy account of a voyage to Monte Video and back, or as the writer puts it, "Of the journeyings of an irresponsible egotist and of how he enjoyed himself thereon." Life on shipboard and at the embouchure of the Rio de la Plata have been done before, and this author has little or nothing that is absolutely new to tell us. Still he is always vivacious and bright, and by dint of some well-timed exaggeration, he on many pages contrives to be positively funny. His story of his fight with a mosquito is fairly laughable. We have read many duller books of voyage, but not many that possess more of the swing and dash that are calculated to enliven an idle hour.

Amateurs who wish to keep an aviary of moderate dimensions cannot do better than purchase "Birds I Have Kept In Years Gone By," by Dr. W. T. Greene, M.A. (Upcott Gill). Almost all the birds that can be kept tamed by private persons are honoured with notice here; and directions are given for keeping them successfully. Plenty of original anecdotes are sprinkled over the pages, and the coloured illustrations are a noticeable feature, and are beautifully executed. Dr. Greene's most amusing chapter is on "The Prairie Owl," a rare bird as far as English aviaries are concerned. "Do owls always swallow mice whole?" he asks, "Mr. Wood says so; but Coquimbo does not, at least my Coquimbo does not, he eats the head first and then the body; but the latter portion of the animal he hides away in a corner of his cage for a future meal, but possibly he never does feel right hungry now, and in his wild state may swallow his prey entire in his haste to gratify the cravings of his appetite." As a specialist Dr. Greene is sure to find readers, and as he writes pleasantly his book should be popular.

Mr. Edward Butler, in his first portion of "For Good Consideration" (Elliot Stock), has chosen a somewhat novel method for the conveyance of religious instruction and discourse, and dubs it "A New Exercise for Legal Maxims." He takes a maxim, as, for instance "Qui facit per alium facit per se," and points out its moral and devotional bearings. He writes also "Concerning Wills," "Concerning the Christian in Contention," and so on. His remarks are characterised by good sense and wordly wisdom, and his thoughts are so expressed as not to weary the reader. His point of view is that of the Evangelical school of thought. For those who disagree no less than for those who think with him this little volume of essays will afford not unprofitable serious reading.

The London Literary Society publishes for the Rev. James Copner, M.A., "Sketches of Celibate Worthies." It seems to demand a stretch of a somewhat lively charity to call either Horace or Virgil a celibate worthy; but both poets find a place in this volume. The essays on "Queen Elizabeth" and "Erasmus" are fairly done; but there is absolutely nothing new in Mr. Copner's method of handling his subjects. The most that can be said is that he has provided twelve readable biographical sketches. This grouping of celibates may possibly possess an attraction for those who in a sense may be said to be addicted to misogyny and misanthropy.

Mr. Sidney Whitman writes vigorously against one-man rule generally, in "Fetish Worship in the Fine Arts." The attack on Mr. Irving in the paper entitled "The Drama" is particularly bitter. Mr. Whitman is undoubtedly right in thinking that there is much that is repulsive to common sense in the way in which the crowd of men and women rush unintelligently after what has become the rage, whether it be a theatrical star or an eminent painter. As a denunciation of this tendency his book may be read *cum grano salis*.

Messrs. Cassell and Company have added to their long list of useful publications, under the heading of "Hints to Honest Citizens," a work entitled "About Going to Law," by Arthur John Williams. There can be no doubt that ignorance of comparatively simple legal matters involves many litigants in our Courts of Law in pain, mortification, and vexation; Mr. Williams says in "misery and ruin" too; and he has had considerable opportunities of observation. His first chapter is on "How to Avoid Going to Law," an important branch of his subject. Here, as in the rest of the work, he is clear, concise, and even interesting, avoiding those legal technicalities which perplex the unprofessional mind. To a very large number of business men and to householders at large this neatly got-up volume should be simply invaluable.

"Quest" (Trübner and Co.) is a series of essays by Mr. Thomas Sinclair, M.A. "The thought indicated by the title," the author tells us, "is that in speculation there may be search, but no absolute finding." Mr. Sinclair ranges over every sort of subject; and although he is often suggestive, it must be admitted that he is also vague and unsatisfactory. Mr. Sinclair says much that may kindle thought.

Messrs. Symons and Co. issue as the third volume of their Specialists' Series, "Ballooning," by G. May. Mr. May gives a concise sketch of the history of the science. His narrative begins with the primitive attempts at aërostation by the brothers Montgolfier in 1783, and comes down to our own day. As a brief synopsis of an interesting and persistent effort on the part of humanity to conquer the air his manual is to be commended. It confines itself to the statement of facts, and should fulfil completely the purpose for which it was written, viz., to impart information on a popular subject in a manner suited to the average intelligence.

"Bookbinding for Amateurs," by W. J. E. Crane (Upcott Gill), of course deals with matters more or less technical. The work aims at instructing those who wish to bind their own books. The author will probably succeed in his purpose, and it is certain that he has produced a handy manual for the study of an interesting and important art.



"COLONEL ENDERBY'S WIFE," by Lucas Malet (3 vols. : Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), is an extraordinarily able study of a form of character essentially common, but seldom, if ever, exaggerated to such a cynical extreme as in the person of Jessie Pierce Dawnay. In styling her essentially common, we mean to refer to her as the type of the cold, irresponsible, and frankly selfish nature which, be it in man or woman, so constantly receives all the passionate worship and devotion that it is absolutely incapable of giving, by so much as a fragment, in return. But in Lucas Malet's hands, the type rises, or falls, to the rank of a monster. It is impossible—we hope and believe—that the author, or anybody else, could have had the opportunity of studying savage selfishness in such unalloyed perfection. So far, the creation has elements of bad art, inasmuch as its exaggeration goes beyond recognisable nature. But, on the other hand, a perfectly legitimate purpose is gained by laying bare, in its extreme and undisguised shape, a character which is too ordinary in its usual imperfect manifestations to receive much attention. Coldness of heart is made to arrest the mind by a display of its logical, if not always actual, consequences: and the author deals with it less as a portrait-painter than as a surgeon. Jessie's morbid horror of witnessing pain or illness in others solely because it interferes with her own comforts and pleasures is natural and common; but the checks imposed by social opinion and by conscious or unconscious hypocrisy place her treatment of the dying husband whose moral murderess she is beyond the limits of portraiture. Natural or unnatural, however, the study is full of consummate power: and the same, in only a proportionately less degree, may be said of the loyal and generous gentleman who became her self-sacrificing slave, and of the other characters whose contrasted natures and lives serve to bring out hers into the fullest relief possible. Jessie differs from the other women without souls who have appeared in fiction in being, unlike them, incapable of developing one under any conditions whatever. A fault of the book is its proneness to over-indulge in bitter and cynical reflections on all subjects that fall within its scope: but no doubt so strong a conception of a cold nature feeding upon and finally destroying a noble and generous one, is calculated to inspire them in any author who believes in her own creation.

The claims of "Private Lawrie and His Love" (W. H. Allen and Co.) to attention depend almost entirely upon a detailed account of barrack life, all the characters, without exception, being the officers and men of a single infantry regiment, and the officers' wives and daughters—except indeed one, and she is an officer's sister-in-law. The action moreover takes place within a very few months, and seldom strays a yard out of barracks, whether at Devonport or in Ireland, so that the dramatic unities are closely observed, to the concentration and continuity of interest. The story is the not very likely one of a young gentleman, rather down on his luck, who has engaged himself clandestinely to a lieutenant-colonel's daughter, and is so ill-advised as to enlist as a private in the father's regiment in order to be near the girl and to obtain her parents' favour. This lunatic notion prospers as ill as might be expected, nothing but scandals and false positions resulting therefrom, until the villainies of a self-over-reaching adjutant and a series of fortunate accidents bring things to an happy end. The sketches of military life and character are excellent and lifelike, and some of the persons of the tale—notably Colonel Merton—have more than ordinary merit as portraiture. The author's forte is realism in matters of detail: and he has the art of presenting these in a lively and unaltered manner, without falling into comments or reflections, or providing any temptations to indulgence in skipping.

Miss Grant's "Cara Roma" (2 vols. : Chapman and Hall), is the story of a man who consoles himself for a disappointment in love with the Rosetta Stone, and, finally, with more satisfactory comfort in the person of the niece of the lady who drove him into Egyptology. This very slight tale serves as a sufficient framework for much guide-book matter concerning Rome, whither the hero's researches led him—all very brightly and gracefully given, but not calculated to raise Miss Grant's reputation for originality. It is only book-making, after all. Moreover her allusions, however flattering, to artistic friends are not in the best literary taste, and savour a trifle of puffery. We suppose, however, that "Ouida's" fame must be regarded as well enough established to make Miss Grant's admiration unobjectionable on that score. Fortunately, she does not carry it to the point of imitation.

"Called Back" must, we think, be held responsible for the production of "Between Midnight and Dawn," by Ina L. Cassilis (shilling edition : Vizetelly and Co.), as it has been of so many other stories. Among these results, "Between Midnight and Dawn" is by no means the least able. Its mystery is well maintained, and its secret kept even from novel readers of some experience, while one of its leading ideas, that of being able to be present at one place in the flesh and at another, with equal and visible reality, in the spirit, is not a bit more nonsensical or less original than is demanded by the current taste for the mystical in fiction. What is more, the authoress has the art of seeming to believe in the wonders she tells of, and so contrives to cheat the most sceptical reader into a passing indulgence in credulity. The literature to which it belongs is not likely to prove a very lasting fashion, and its novelty is already getting rubbed off: but stories like the present are not likely to shorten its reign.

"False Steps," by Douglas Dalton (1 vol. : Tinsley Bros.), is called "A Tale of Modern Times"—whence we may conclude that the exchange of babies at nurse is still as frequent as it used to be, according to novelists, in the days of old. The principal character is a villain of such portentous stupidity as to have a flavour of burlesque about him, and will make the reader regret the at least temporarily successful knaves or scoundrels of the days of yore. Mr. Dalton has strictly confined himself to the stock incidents of fiction, with the somewhat important exception of giving his heroine no honest lover until the last chapter, when a comic "masher" is suddenly transformed into one in-order that the conventionalities may be just formally bowed to at the end. Is this also supposed to be a special characteristic of modern times? Confusion about the law of marriage is such, unquestionably; and so, unhappily, is the multiplication of novels without any apparent cause for existence beyond an imaginary duty on the part of everybody to write at least one or two.

## AN ARTIST'S NOTES AT HENLEY

(Concluded from page 28)

know, Maria," he says, reproachfully. "Oh, yes, I know, Harry," she answers, flatteringly, "but you are so strong, and you row so well." "Nonsense," is the curt rejoinder; "you know I'll do my best, but we shan't be there before eleven o'clock at this rate." From which conversation it seems that they were not married yesterday. However, the beauty of the evening compensates him in some measure for the hard work, and though, of course, it is not consistent with his dignity to allow that he is rather enjoying himself than not, yet when he is back in London at that dusty office, and is wishing that the little holiday were coming again next week, it is probable that that evening row from Marlow to Henley will not be among the least pleasant of his reminiscences.

*Revenons à nos moutons*: the weather on the second day of the racing proves, if possible, finer than ever; the sun has got to work early and swept the dew from off the face of the meadow, but has not had time yet to dissipate the general feeling of freshness in the air. Every one on the spot is astir. Cads of all descriptions are bustling about with packets of what they assert to be the "correct card," or official programme of the races, but which prove on purchase to be not sanctioned by the authorities. The strawberry and cherry sellers are erecting their stalls in the full expectation of again driving as merry a trade as they did the day before; the fortune-tellers with their black hair and gaudy head-dresses have already found geese to be plucked, and more than one country girl has been started on the day auspiciously, if unctuous promises could do it, in return for the silver coin dropped into those dusky palms. Well, if it makes her any happier, perhaps the sixpence was not thrown away, and possibly she may get the man of her choice, with fair hair and blue eyes, and live happily ever after, or possibly she may not. We cannot say: to us the Book of Fate is sealed.

The same stream of visitors is beginning to pour into the meadow, the same fleet of randans, dingies, and tubs, is cruising under the bridge; the same procession of vehicles is raising the dust, from the lordly drag, adorned with the rank and fashion, to the one-horse waggone, with its springs groaning under the weight of several thriving shopkeepers. The river gods are airing themselves conspicuously on the tow-path, not in the least anxious, apparently, to court observation, but, in reality, very willing to be looked at. Some of them have their sisters and cousins with them, to whom they are pointing out the different objects of interest, and explaining their chances of winning, previous to establishing them in house-boats and other coigns of vantage, from which they may witness the finish, and applaud like true partisans the boat whose fortunes they favour and whose colours they wear.

The second day is, in fact, to spectators a repetition of the first; to the boating man it has an additional interest as deciding the final heats of the races. One by one, as the various crews are defeated or defeat, those who are not going on to other regattas have the ineffable bliss of "coming out of training." No one who has not been through the aforesaid process in summer weather can at all realise the feelings of the emancipated. There is an old story, which every one knows, of a valiant tar who was called up by the Admiral to be rewarded for an act of exceptional courage. "Tell me, Jack," said the Admiral, "what can I do for you?" Just choose what you'd like best." Jack thought for a bit, and then replied, with a scrape and a hitch, "Please, yer honour, lots o' rum and baccy." "Certainly, my man," was the reply, "you shall have as much of that as you can manage; what else?" The old salt thought long and earnestly, but his mind could not conceive an Elysium beyond, and he answered: "Please, yer honour, more rum and more baccy." And for an hour or two after coming out of training the highest aspiration of any but the more ethereal spirits would certainly be—not rum, perhaps—but—claret-cup and baccy; and, if a higher aspiration did exist, it would be more claret-cup and more baccy; and they get it too.

It is afternoon now, and the heat is tremendous. Gerald, who has been induced to row his wife and her friends down to the meadows for luncheon, when that meal is over stretches himself at full length on the grass, with a pipe in his mouth, and a glass of soda-and-something by his side, for a siesta. "I say," he murmurs, "just tell me, you know, when the next good thing is coming off," and then relapses into a state of coma. He is roused from this by the sound of the gun on the opposite bank. "What, are they off?" he asks. "Well, just tell me when they are near," and again closes his eyes. In another minute or so the clappings and shouts again disturb him. Without moving he inquires whether it's a close thing. "Oh yes! a splendid race; do have a look at them," is the answer, but in a dreamy way he reflects that if they haven't passed yet they will have soon, and as he's uncommonly comfortable where he is, perhaps it would be hardly worth while moving.

To others who find the sun rather too hot, the water looks almost too tempting; it is poor satisfaction to trail a hand over the side of the boat, it only makes the other hand and the rest of the body jealous. The men and boys who are paddling about in the water near the tow-path, under the pretence of hauling boats in and shoving them off, have decidedly the best of it; but we agree that the best way of all would be to lie slung in a hammock under the water, with a counterpane of water-lilies, and a Japanese parasol overhead.

But the sun is sinking now, the last race is rowed, the day is over. Farewell Henley—till next year. ICI





THE COACH

in the kingdom. The latest popular song is being rendered by some wandering bard, or the newest air squeezed out of the interior of a barrel organ by the professional grinder with slouched hat and tangled beard. At intervals the passer-by is invited to throw at cocoa-nuts perched upon sticks, or to shoot at imitation pigeons which whirl round a high pole at an impossible pace, and show no signs of discomfiture when they are hit—at least, so says the unsuccessful marksman, who has expended a shilling in the hope of displaying his skill to an admiring circle of friends.

We drop down the river for luncheon, and land in the meadows near Fawley Court. The sun by this time is at its hottest, but it is not oppressive, and not many seem much overcome by

undisturbed, and, if he can find it, there he will remain till the popping of champagne corks and the artillery of soda-water bottles recalls him temporarily from a state of collapse. Even then he will not be energetic: the labour of climbing up to the top of the drag is likely to prove too much for him, and he will make interest with the butler, or other attending menial, to supply him with champagne cup and chicken salad in the shade which he has selected for himself in default of better; and there we will leave him, for we must get back to our boat. How vividly the scene rises before our eyes! The broad expanse of water rippling in the sun; the graceful bend of the river as it passes under the bridge—but stay; this is treason. If only that bend could know how often it has been anathematized by weary oarsmen at the end of the course, we fully believe that the river, by one terrible convulsion, would renounce its sinuous path, and flow straight as a silver arrow. But it cannot; and after all the bend is graceful, and our tastes as much artistic as aquatic. Then, too, the hundreds of little boats; here, a long canoe paddled by a handsome sailor in spotless white attire; there, what is technically called a "tub pair" manned by two pretty girls in bright cotton dresses, while some lord of creation lolls idly on cushions in the stern. These and countless others attract the eye as they dance on the swell raised by the Umpire's Boat, or, like sparrows escaping from a hawk, scatter in trepidation at the sight of a heavy green wherry in which sits the Thames Conservancy delegate, dignified for the nonce, as his flag informs the public, by the high-sounding title of "Harbour Master," and intent at the present moment on clearing the course for the coming race. This, after much rowing by his menials in scarlet uniform, he eventually succeeds in accomplishing, and the obstructionists are swept away like fallen leaves by an autumn wind, and take refuge under the barges and house boats till the surveillance is withdrawn, and then almost imperceptibly the face of the water will be covered again. It is as the racing crews pass the bend and enter upon the final effort that the spectators who have taken up their position in carriages on the bridge begin to think that after all they were not far wrong in selecting that commanding situation, the advantages of which they had till then been rather inclined to question, as they scanned the drags on the meadow almost under the shade of the trees, and quite out of the dust, which the crowds of persons passing backwards and forwards is raising all around them on the bridge. One frequenter of Henley, in fact, there is who on these occasions presumably finds the heat and dust more than he can stand; for the consideration only of a few coppers this intrepid hero electrifies the crowd by plunging headlong from the parapet into the river below, and reappearing—alive. "E'll do that there once too often, I'm thinking," as we heard a rustic bystander observe upon one occasion; but true though it undoubtedly may be, it struck us that this sapient and prophetic remark might have been dictated as much by feelings of base jealousy as by the exalted spirit of prophecy.

The company on the bank have their entertainments as well—the unvarying entertainments which attend the boat race, Ascot, and all other race meetings of the interior of a barrel organ by the professional grinder with slouched hat and tangled beard. At intervals the passer-by is invited to throw at cocoa-nuts perched upon sticks, or to shoot at imitation pigeons which whirl round a high pole at an impossible pace, and show no signs of discomfiture when they are hit—at least, so says the unsuccessful marksman, who has expended a shilling in the hope of displaying his skill to an admiring circle of friends. We drop down the river for luncheon, and land in the meadows near Fawley Court. The sun by this time is at its hottest, but it is not oppressive, and not many seem much overcome by it. There is a general air of "take-it-easy" pervading the whole scene, an effect which is very much due to the more suitable form of dress which obtains with the majority of both sexes at Henley nowadays. Easy fitting costumes are indispensable to the proper enjoyment of a water party, or any other amusement; and though at Lord's and Hurlingham fashion apparently requires that the human frame should be confined as in a strait waistcoat, to the exclusion of comfort and the destruction of real enjoyment, at Henley a better order of things prevails.

We make the most of the interval allowed us by the authorities; the boat cushions supply us with comfortable seats, the hampers disgorge their contents, chickens, salads, jellies, and freshly-gathered strawberries. Life is no weariness just now. In spite of Mr. Mallock, we decide that it is worth living—at all events, till after to-morrow. But hark! Sweet sounds of melody break upon the ear, and emerging from the barges in a broad-bottomed craft appear the inevitable nigger-minstrel band, threading their way down

MARSH LOCK

the river to enliven the luncheon parties on bank and barges alike with strains that might have excited envy in the breasts of their African predecessors, who in days of old, by lute and lyre, gave additional zest to the banquets of the luxurious Romans. The lute and lyre have now, alas, been superseded by the less romantic but equally effective bones and banjo; the descendant of the African also has undergone a metamorphosis, and it is a matter for doubt whether the face of the modern dusky Orpheus would retain its complexion if some want of skill on the part of the waterman was suddenly to precipitate him into the bosom of the Thames. But that is neither here nor there. Is he not a nigger and a minstrel? All this time the racing has been rather forgotten; but, invigorated by luncheon, we are prepared now to watch these energetic

oarsmen to whom the race of to-day is the biggest event of the year. A racing eight to the unpractised eye is a beautiful bit of machinery, very nice to look at, and as regular as clock work. Little irregularities remain undetected, and such details as "recovery" and "finish" are unknown; while "feathered spray," though a lovely idea in a glee, is not what rowing authorities as a rule recommend. We are here, however, in the guise of connoisseurs, and proceed to criticise the style of the crews as they thread their way down through the labyrinth of obstacles, running an imminent risk every moment of either spitting some clumsy obstructionist on their bows, or of being themselves impaled like a butterfly upon a pin. No. 3 is pronounced to be late, the swing forward hurried and faulty all through the boat, or the recovery slow. If you wish to be considered knowing, you are bound to find fault; and if No. 3 is not late one stroke, he may be the next, and then you are justified. "Easy all!" shouts the coxswain, and the pendulum stops swinging, the straight backs grow suddenly round, and the blades lie flat upon the water, while the craft drifts gently down stream; and so, alternately paddling and drifting, the starting-post down by the island is reached, while up above the process of clearing the course begins once more. Bang! goes the gun, and all eyes are turned down stream to watch the struggle. At present there is nothing more to be seen than three little specks in the distance; but every instant they are drawing nearer, and speculation is rife as to which boat is leading. There are the light blue blades of Eton entering and leaving the water near upon forty-five times to the minute, the pink oars of Radley doing much the same, and some Oxford or Cambridge College alongside not rowing so fast a stroke as their rivals, but a long, steady sweep, for they mean to wear down "the boys" by superior strength. As they near the corner, and begin to collect themselves together for the final spurt, the cheers of the various partisans grow louder and louder. "Bravo Eton!" "Bravo Radley!" "Well rowed, all of you!" Handkerchiefs wave, caps are tossed into the air, and the bank is lined right up to the bridge; for the Ladies' Plate is one of the favourite races, and Eton perhaps the most popular of all the crews that come to Henley.

An adjournment to the towing-path is now proposed, and we strike across and

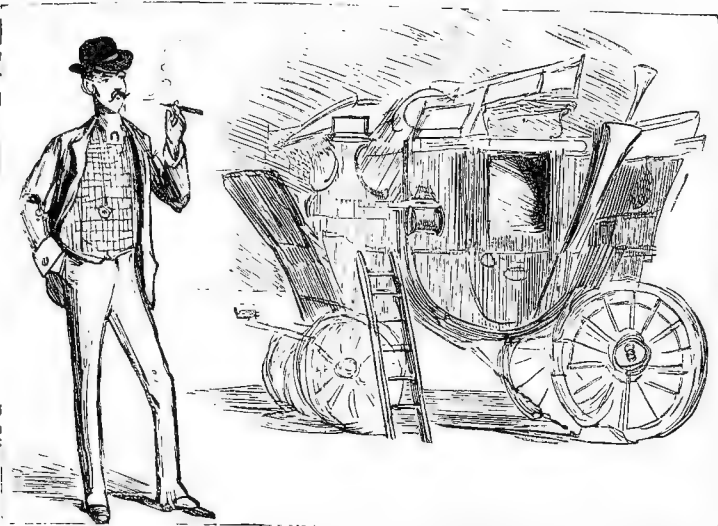
A "LOTUS" AND A "SANS SOUCI"



"SING WILLOW"



land near the first gate. As we thread our way through the ever-shifting crowd, first one then another familiar face catches the eye, relations and acquaintances, brothers and cousins from the riverside public schools, and those others who in the ordinary course of events no longer cross our path, but whom chance brings before us on an occasion like the present. The schoolboys especially are loud in their praises of their crack oarsmen. "Did you ever see any one work as Jones did over that course?" or, "See our stroke Brown? By Jove, that chap rowed the



"AQUATICS IS TOO LOW; THE EQUINE'S MORE IN MY LINE"

breeze, which the noonday heat had frightened away for a time, springs up once more. A perfect summer evening; and those who are in no particular hurry may take things easy and revel in it to their hearts' content. It is not every one, unfortunately, who can afford to do this. Some have a train to



"EHREN-ON-THE-RHINE"

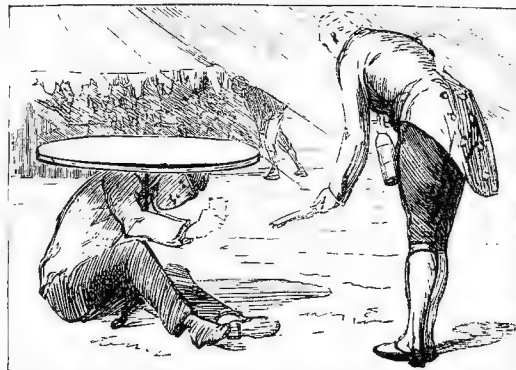
catch, others have engagements of one sort or another to keep, and to these the lock, our old friend of the morning, proves a serious obstacle. They get in, perhaps, without difficulty, and proceed to congratulate themselves on their good luck. Wait a moment! It is well not to holloa till you are out of the wood. "Why doesn't that fellow shut the gates?" is the question. "Look alive!" they shout, "We have got to catch the train." But the fellow in question—to wit, the lock-keeper, is in no hurry. He has no train to catch. It is nothing to him, and his face seems to express a cynical pleasure in showing these smart folk that he has them at his mercy. There is a boat coming up at least a couple of hundred yards away, but it is obvious that he means to wait for it; and when at last he does shut the gate, the deliberate manner in which he takes the toll and insists on returning in each case that aggravating little paper ticket is enough to try the patience of a saint.

To the fashionable world in London and elsewhere, who know Ascot as four days in June, the Eton and Harrow match as two days at Lord's, and the Derby as one day at Epsom, Henley represents two days on the river; but to those who are behind the scenes it is something much more. The ordinary playgoer, when he sees the pantomime at Drury Lane, enjoys himself extremely for one evening, perhaps goes a second time, and then for him it is over. He does not reflect on the immense labour and preparation involved, on the weeks, and even months, which have been spent in perfecting the display; and the same applies to the Queen of Regattas. The casual pleasure-seeker sees in it a very desirable way of amusing himself, and lounging about in an easy and perhaps attractive costume. From his point of view, the crews who are to row over the course on those days are merely a secondary consideration—an excuse for him to be there, a sort of reason for the existence of the regatta, an adjunct of the meeting, nothing more. To the boating man it is naturally a very different thing. For weeks, perhaps, he has been laboriously training, the long evenings have been spent in hard rowing, and now comes the glorification of his labours. For a week beforehand some of the crews have been located on the spot, and a very

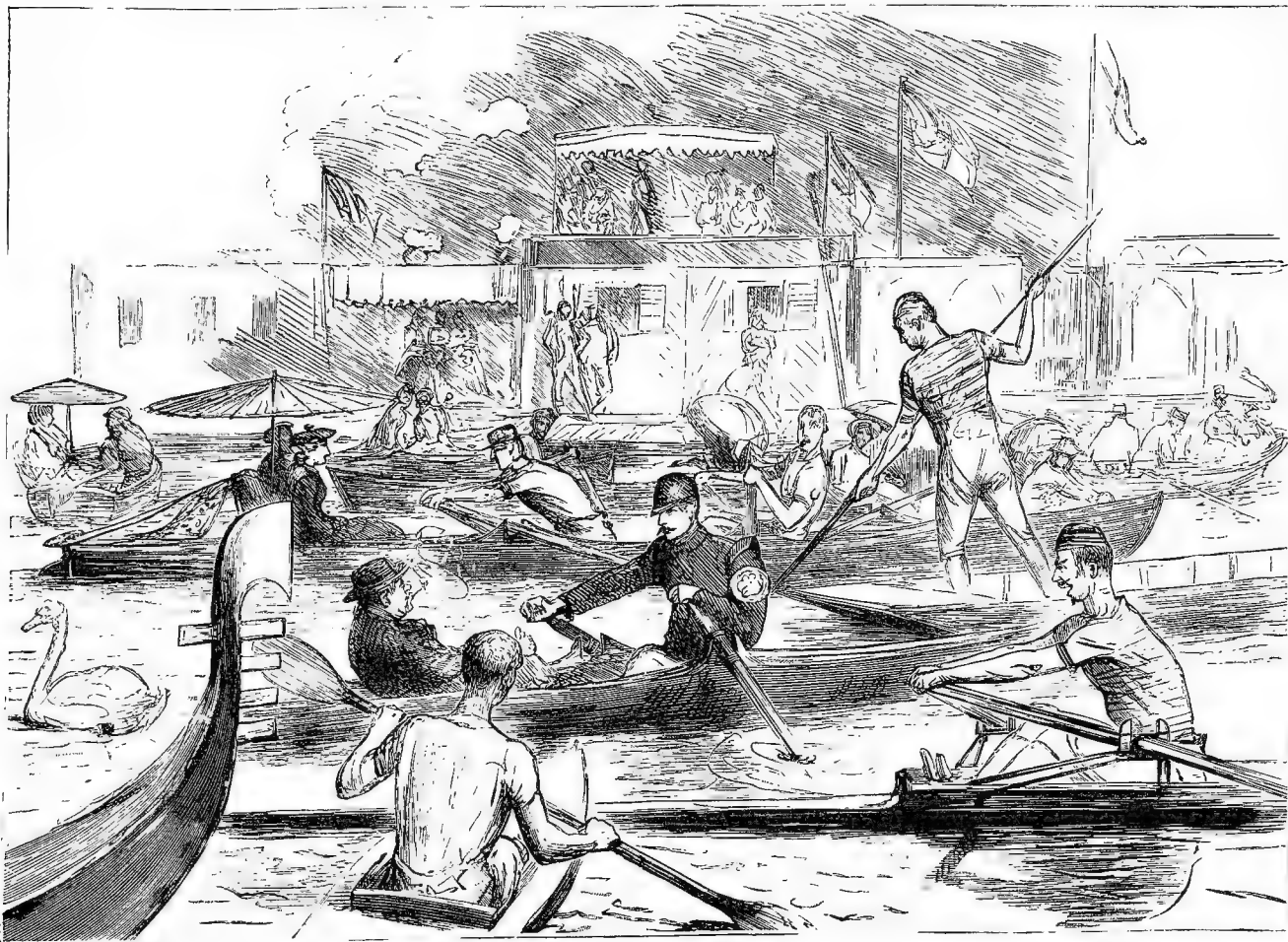
pleasant, if hard-working, week it has been. Very interesting to watch the rival boats, and speculate on their respective chances for "The Grand," "The Ladies," or "The Stewards"—possibly, too, to have a trial of pace over a short distance with one or other.



LUNCH ON THE DRAG



EXCESSIVE HEAT—"HERE I AM: GIVE IT TO ME HERE"



CLEARING THE COURSE

At this period the "coach" becomes a very important personage. He looks preternaturally solemn as his opponents row by, and gives it as his opinion that "those chaps can't last the course, and if you fellows can only hold your own up to the horsegate they won't have a chance with you." Mounted on a local screw, he rides alongside his men as they row over the course, and occupies himself with imparting the finishing touches, or, in other words, "putting on the polish," a process which seems to afford some amusement to the cads on the bank, who are anxious to know where to lay their shillings and sixpences. "Him's the coach," they inform one another; while the smaller fry, in whom the bump of veneration is not strongly developed, copy his tone and shout, "Now then, all of yer, catch 'old o' the beginnin', and drive it through."

Besides these, there is another class of spectator, the man who comes down to see "how the fellows are getting on," and wishes to be considered knowing. To sustain this character he is careful to get himself up in the proper style, and arranges his unathletic figure in shorts, flannel coat, and cap. On his feet he wears bright-coloured socks and canvas shoes, while his neck is swathed in the voluminous folds of a variegated comforter. So long as he remains on shore he may deceive even the elect, but woe be to him if he trusts himself in a skiff. The sculls, which in practised hands seem to know their work, and do it without any effort on the part of the oarsman, now grow restive; they hit his knees, they run away with his hands, and develop suddenly an insuperable objection to leaving the water, and if he does not altogether capsize it is more from good luck than any skill on his part. The watermen on the bank seem to enjoy his discomfiture, and one of them, unconsciously parodying, stigmatises him as "the shoriest man in a boat and the boatliest man ashore wotever I did sec."

(Continued on page 28)



# HAMPTON AND SONS'

## FURNITURE

Designs and schemes for complete furnishing. Best quality goods. At a minimum profit for cash.

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Removals at special low rates to customers, in box vans, conducted by experienced foremen. Estimates free.

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Parquet Flooring in all the usual and special designs, from 4d. per foot. Dado Panelling and Imperial Joinery of every description.

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Drawing-room Cabinets, Tables, and other Furniture. A splendid selection of new designs, and in the old English and French styles. French Boulé and Marqueterie at all prices.

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Dining-room Furniture: Chairs, from 18s. 6d. to 40s.; Sideboards, from 48s. 12s. to 450s.; Dining Tables, 4ft. 6in. by 5ft. from 38s. 6d. Couches from 70s. Easy Chairs, in new shapes, original designs, from 37s. 6d.

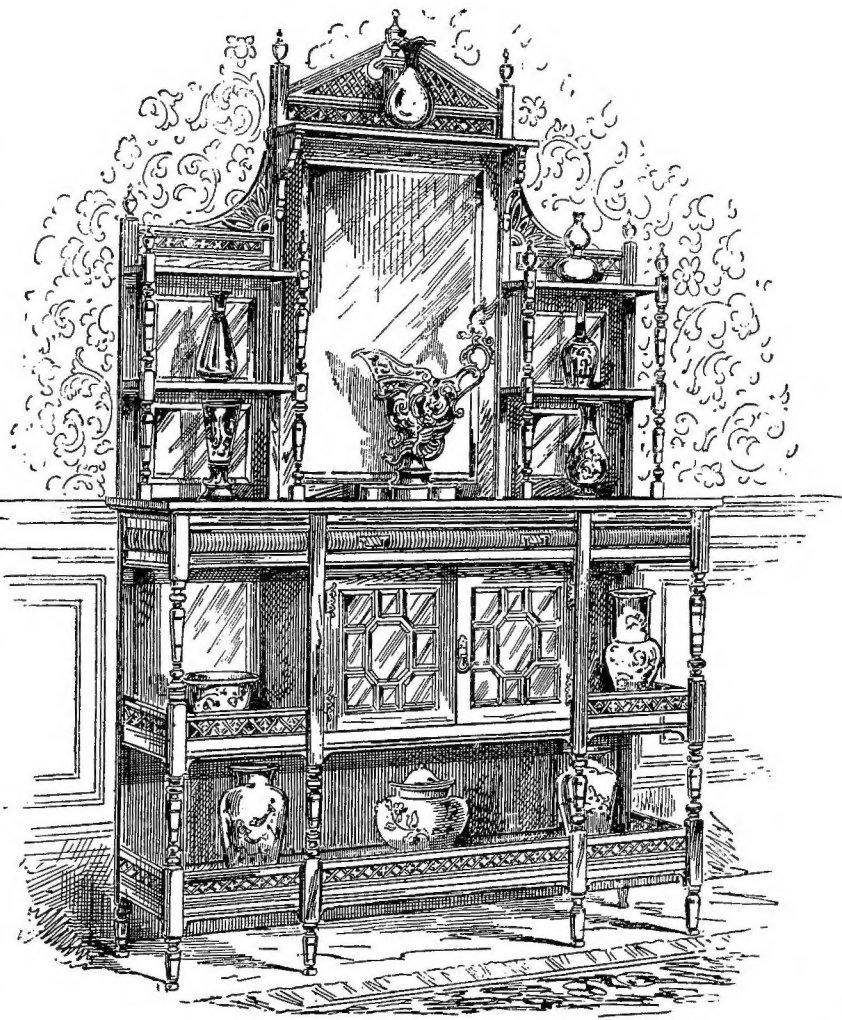
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Superior Decorated Suites, with tile back to washstand, 45 10s. Solid Walnut Suites, interior fittings of basswood, from 47 15s. Superior Suites in solid Ash throughout, 45 10s. Large Suites in Ash, with 6 feet wardrobe, 49 15s. An immense selection of Suites in many beautiful woods not generally known, in H. and S. original designs, from 45 10s. to 425s.

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DRAWING-ROOM CABINET, IN ROSEWOOD, DARK MAHOGANY, WALNUT, OR EBONISED, 4ft. 6in. by 7ft. Price £10.

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Spring Mattresses, spiral and patent wire woven, at manufacturers prices.  
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Bedding manufactured on the premises, of the best and purest materials. See price list.

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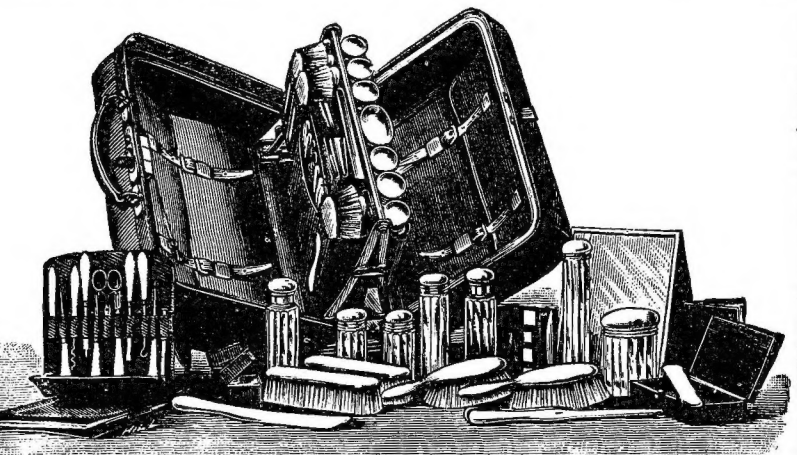
MEDALS—Belfast, 1844 and 1870; London, 1851, 1862, and (Gold) 1870; Paris (Gold) 1867; Dublin, 1865 and 1872; Philadelphia, 1876.

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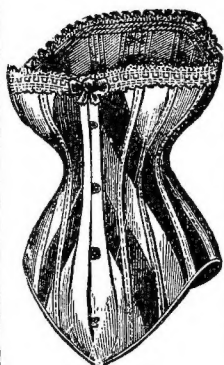
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Real Irish Linen Sheet, fully bleached, 2 yards wide, 1s. 11d. per yard; 2 1/2 yards wide, 2s. 4 1/2d. per yard (the most durable article made, and far superior to any foreign manufactured goods). Roller Towelling, 18 inches wide, 3d. per yard. Surplize Linen, 8 1/2d. per yard; Linen Dusters, 3s. 3d.; Glass Cloths, 4s. 6d. per dozen. Fine Linens and Linen Diaper, 10d. per yard. Samples post free.

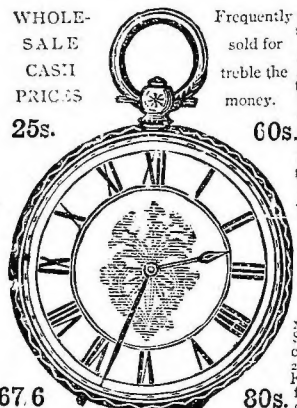
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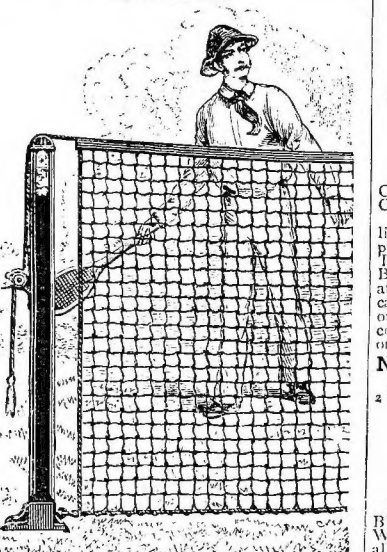
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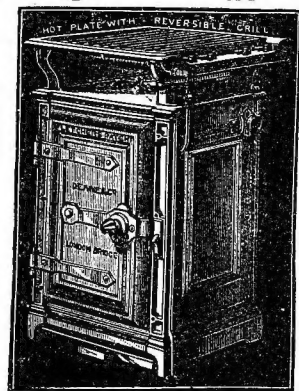
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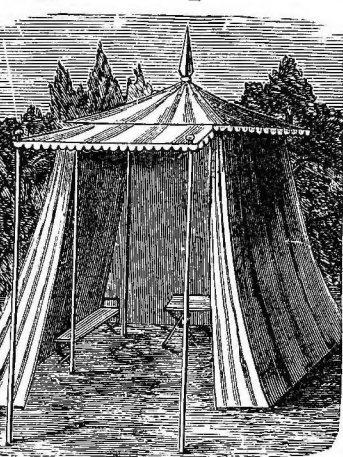
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HALL-MARKED SILVER BRIAR PIPE, in Leather-covered Case, 3s. post free.—A. W. ABRAHAM, 29, Edgobaston St., Birmingham. Manufacturer of Tobaccoists' Fancy Goods Wholesale sale. Illustrated Catalogue free.

## DRESS STANDS for Home Use.

No. 53. The Court Circular, in commenting upon it, says:—"We have much pleasure in announcing that Messrs. Graham and Co. have completed new arrangements to send on receipt of P.O.O. for the reduced amount of 40s., accompanied by tightly-fitting Dress Sticks, a No. 53 Stand, which folds up and packs into a small box of 25 in. by 15 in. This 40s. Stand is moulded to be an exact model of the owner's person, by means of which any one can make and fit dress as well as the most fashionable dressmaker.



No. 62—The Quota newspaper, in commenting upon it, says:—"It weighs only six pounds, and occupies a box 3 inches wide. It is easily packed away in a drawer or travelling trunk. It expands and contracts as desired, and by its means the skirts of the tallest, shortest, stoutest, or thinnest lady can be made, draped, trimmed, looped, cleaned, or dried. It removes all creases after travelling, and can be had for P.O.O. 25s. GEORGE GRABHAM, 24 and 26, Whitfield Street, Goodge Street, W.

THE TILBURY. CATALOGUES FREE. 500 CARRIAGES IN STOCK.

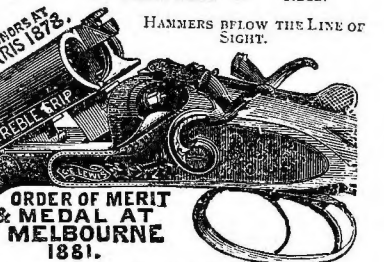
ATKINSON and PHILIPSON, Carriage Manufactory, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

# PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY, LIMITED.



## PRICE'S GLYCERINE Has Received the Highest Awards at ALL THE GREAT EXHIBITIONS.

NEW CATALOGUE TO MAY 1ST, 1885, NOW READY. "THE GUN OF THE PERIOD." TRADE MARK. REGD.

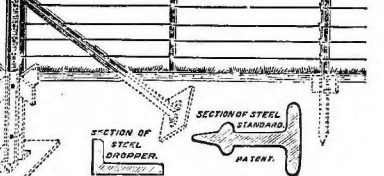


DIPLOMA and MEDAL, Sydney, 1879-80.—This gun wherever shown has always taken honours. Why buy from Dealers when you can buy at half the price from the maker? Any gun sent on approval on receipt of P. O. O., and remittance returned if on receipt of gun it is not satisfactory. Target trial allowed. A choice of 2,000 guns, rifles, and revolvers, embracing every novelty in the trade. B-L guns from 50s. to 30 guineas; B-L revolvers from 6s. 6d. to 100s. Send six stamps for Catalogue and Illustrated Sheets to G. E. LEWIS, Gun Maker, Birmingham. Estab. 1850. Largest Stock in the World. CALCUTTA EXHIBITION, 1883.—"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD" has again taken Honours.

## A FACT—HAIR COLOUR WASH

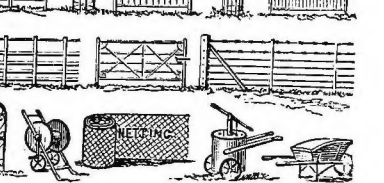
By damping the hair with this, in a hours grey hair becomes the original colour, 10s. 6d. sent for stamps. ALEX. ROSS, 21, Lamb's Conduit Street, London.

## STEEL WIRE FENCING.

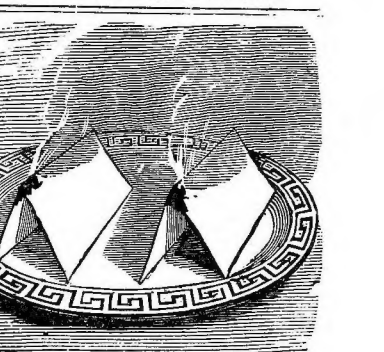


Price from 7½d. per yard

## IRON FENCING, GATES, &c.



Catalogues free on application. BAYLISS, JONES, and BAYLISS, WOLVERHAMPTON and 139 AND 141, CANNON STREET, E.C.



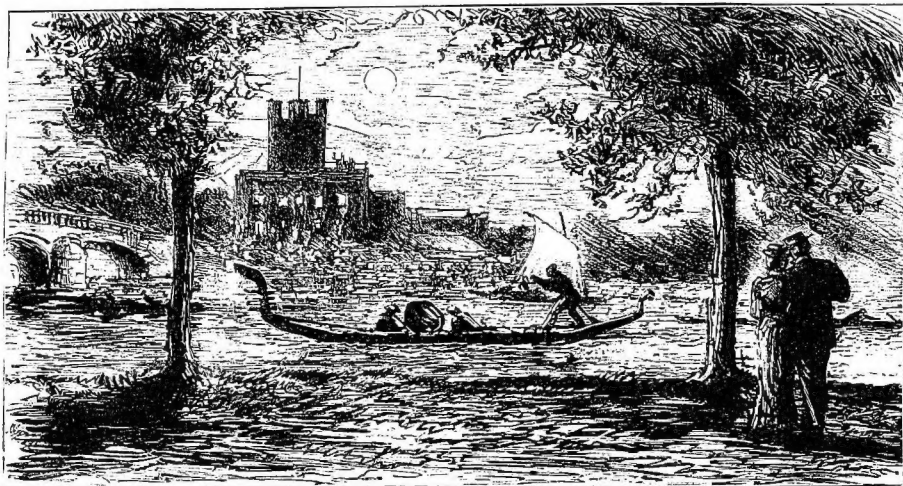
## OZONE PAPER. ASTHMA, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, BRONCHITIC ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, and INFLUENZA.

Dr. THOROWGOOD, Physician to the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, in his "Notes on Asthma," page 62, says:—"The Ozone Paper prepared by Mr. Huggins contains nitrate of potash, chloride of potash, and iodide of potassium, and of its efficacy I have had abundant evidence. 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box, of all Chemists; or from the Proprietor for the amount in stamps or P.O.O. to any part of London.

R. HUGGINS, Chemist, 199, STRAND, LONDON.

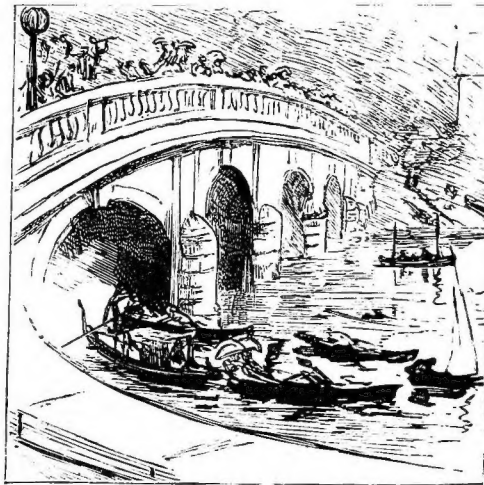


The night before the races, when the unfortunate beings in training have been sent to bed, and a general silence prevails over nature but for that weird, mysterious sound which is inseparable from running water, there is nothing more enjoyable than to take a stroll upon the towing-path and watch the moon as it slowly rises over the old Gothic church on the other side of the bridge. What a glorious night! The stars in their myriads peeping down upon the river seem to watch over and protect it in a sort of loving, serious way, very different from the



MOONLIGHT SCENE

sunbeams which sported with it in the morning. But such solitude is too good to last long. There comes the sound of voices, and the regular splash of a blade in the water. Others have found out how delicious the evening is, and a gondola glides past, dances in the moonbeams for a moment, and is lost again in the dark shadows of the bridge. Once more "the air a solemn stillness holds;" but Gray could never have written his "Elegy" on such a night as this. Presently again is heard the measured dip of sculls in the water. By the half tired, half dogged way in which the oarsman is keeping the boat moving it is obvious at once that this is no party who have put out in the cool of the evening to paddle up and down and court the gentle breeze. These are exhausted travellers, who have



THE BRIDGE—CROSSING TO THE RACE

calculated to reach Henley to-night, and have dawdled rather too long at some pleasant retreat lower down the river. Since the very beginning of the summer hard-worked but athletically-inclined men of business have been promising themselves a trip up or down the river, as the case may be, camping out at nights, or putting up at riverside inns, the trip in question being



"BRAVO, ETON!"

calculated with a view to culminating at Henley either on the morning of, or the evening before the regatta. How well we know these expeditions! Extraordinarily pleasant they can be if the weather is fine, but how truly uncomfortable if it is the reverse! The programme of camping out has to be given up, and half the fun of the thing is lost. Sometimes even the boat itself and



AFTER LUNCHEON—THE FINISH

the river have to be abandoned, and the prosaic train is called into requisition either to convey us on to our destination, or to carry us back disappointed and despairing to our respective homes. But the present occasion has been fine, and as at Sonning and Wargrave and other places on the upper river, so there have been contingents at Marlow and Maidenhead below. These latter have the hardest time of it, as their way lies up stream; and it is not a case of dipping in the sculls after a lazy fashion, and leaving the stream to do the rest, but it requires genuine steady work to get over the prescribed distance in the time allotted. Some, indeed, who have settled to make Henley their point, and have landed for refreshment at Marlow, begin to wonder whether they are likely to get in to-night at all. The patient husband who is conveying his wife in a dingy, and has discovered that she is not quite so light as she used to be a year or two back, begins to remonstrate with her for her inclination to dawdle. "Tide's against us, you

(Continued on page 23)



"LOOK ALIVE, WE MUST CATCH THE TRAIN"





All in the Downs the fleet was moored,  
The streamers waving in the wind,  
When black-eye'd Susan came on board,  
"Oh, where shall I my true love find?  
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
Does my sweet William sail among your crew?"

William was high upon the yard,  
Rocked by the billows to and fro,  
Soon as the well-known voice he heard,  
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;  
The cord flies swiftly through his glowing hands,  
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands

"BLACK-EYE'D SUSAN"

DRAWN BY W. C. SYMONS